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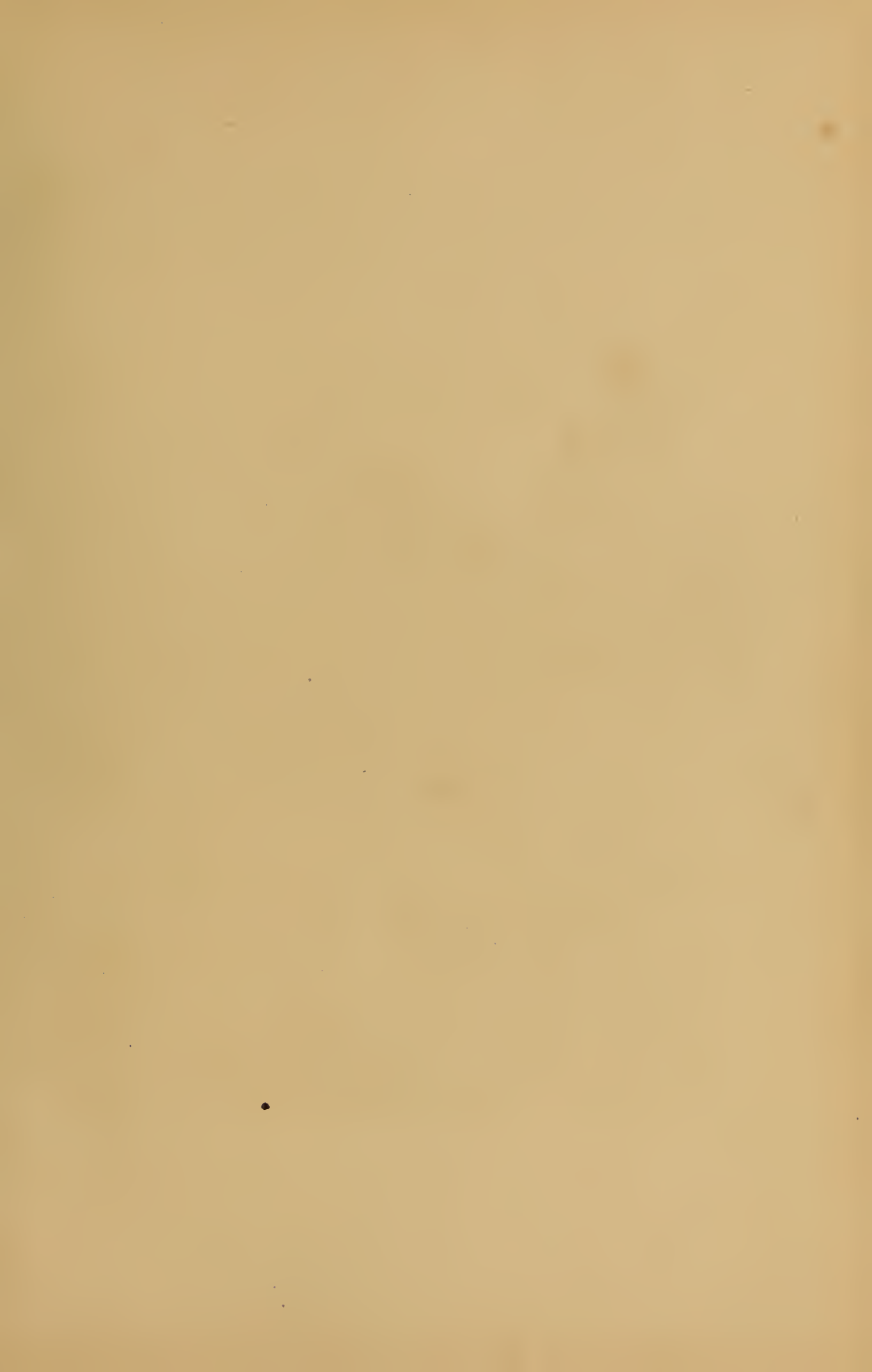
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A View of the Mountains of the Valley of the
Rhine, near the City of Bonn, Prussia.
The River Rhine is seen in the foreground,
and the City of Bonn in the distance.
Engraved by J. G. Knapton, 1804.

A GALLERY
OF FAMOUS
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY, BY

HENRY COPPÉE, A.M.,
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

WITH A HUNDRED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, EXECUTED IN THE FIRST STYLE OF THE
ART, MOSTLY FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the following pages we offer to our readers a collection of beautiful passages from the English Poets. They are arranged in chronological order, and embody the technically modern period, from Thomson to our own time: we have included, also, with the renowned masters of English verse, a few of our own American Poets, eminently worthy to appear in such a catalogue. Our first design was to collate the former alone, but the latter have, as it were, risen in their native majesty and harmony, to demand at least a partial representation.

Such a collection would, in itself, give value to this volume, but, to enhance its merits in an eminent degree, exquisite art has been brought into the service, in a manner as striking and beautiful as it is novel. In this respect, the work, it is thought, has no superior.

The first problem of difficulty in arranging the extracts herein contained, was found in the great extent of English poetry. To give even a glimpse of all its scenes was impossible; to pass, even in rapid review, among them, the whole honorable procession of robed and crowned poets, to the marshalling of pursuivant and herald, was not to be thought of.

It is not without regret that we find ourselves compelled to choose, like the angle of an artist's picture, a limited period and a distinct number, to the exclusion

of other bright periods and great numbers of immortal poets, who, in former times, have turned flowers of earth into amaranth, and transformed curious pebbles by Nature's beautiful wayside into gems of the purest water.

Whatever may be thought of our choice—and there are those besides the archæologists who would prefer another,—let it not be thought that any injustice is designed to periods and poets here excluded. Our popular sympathies are with the present; the past is ever distant; Art seizes with a more electric fancy the winged thought as it issues from living lips; and Poetry lays its choicest tributes of elegy and dirge where the poet's grave is still green, and holy memories still linger where the “Druids lie asleep.”

But we have a better philosophy of selection than mere modern taste. Were our theme “Great English Poets,” what could be said to excuse our neglect of Chaucer—old Father Chaucer—the great poet, and, by inference, historian and philosopher of that moonlit morning of English Letters, before the day-dawn of Queen Elizabeth's reign? In that dark and early period, it may indeed be said of him,

“All the earth and air
With (his) voice is loud,
As when night is bare
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.”

What of courtly Edmund Spenser, whose love-light irradiates the already brilliant reign of the Virgin Queen,—the poet of the “gentle virtues” and the allegorist of heavenly truth?

How could we plead for pardon with stern old John

Milton—so grand in thought and harmonious in speech, that he drops his poet's lyre, once attuned to his own sadness and sorrow, to sweep a seraph's harp, vibrating only to the chantings of Paradise and the voice of God: and yet so wondrous strong in both to thrill and fire the human soul, that we say of him as he touches either string:

“Sing, seraph, with the glory! Heaven is high!
 Sing, poet, with the sorrow! Earth is low!
 The universe's inward voices cry
 ‘Amen’ to either voice of joy and woe.”

And of Shakspeare! what?

But we need not enumerate the great names not in these pages. Worthy of reverence and admiration as they are, we repeat that they are not here ignored or neglected; it was not our present purpose to pay our homage to them: that must be reserved for other occasions.

There is in the history of English poetry what is known as the “transition period,” and the writers which adorn it have been constituted the “transition school.”

It is known that every great work of English literature is marked by the characteristics of the English History in which it appeared; taking its hue now with Spenser from the fairy court of the Virgin Queen; again with Milton from the troublous times of the Civil War, the Republic, and the Protectorate; anon, with Dryden, presenting every change in the state, political and religious, from Cromwell to Charles II, from Charles to James, chronicling thus the very statistics of English History;—but the period to which we refer as the

transition school, while it had much of this historic philosophy, was of a character more abstract and metaphysical than historical. It was a change from the *ideal* to the *real*, from the abstract in imagination to "the palpable and familiar," from the fairy land of Fancy to Nature's sunshine and verdure. Not to weary our readers with the details of the old system, which passed through many modifications, but of which Dryden and Pope were the most renowned masters,—we refer them, in token of the great change, to Thomson, Cowper, and Crabbe, as the writers of the transition school, subsidizing nature, and throwing off the classic trammels of pastoral and heroic, for truth, feeling, and freedom. They were, indeed, but the originators; the full development of the change must be found,—not unattended with errors, as well of thought as of diction,—in Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their legionaries.

This, then, was our starting-point; there seemed to be a continuity from that period to our own; and we have in the pages that follow, brought together a few poets of this later period, beginning with THOMSON. While the space devoted to each is not so great as to give a just idea of the author himself, still each extract, it is hoped, has its own peculiar merit and beauty, and this is reproduced to the eye by the magnificent engravings which accompany so many of them.

Nor is this all; the illustrations are not, as has been the custom in works of selected poetry, placed opposite the poem or lines to be thus interpreted to the eye by art, like a frontispiece or vignette; with great ingenuity, and with charming effect, they have been printed upon the page itself, in each case, as a part of the poem, thus

joining the poet and artist, in bonds of rare power, and producing, as the effect, an exuberance of beauty and strength.

An effort has been made, in the choice of the extracts, to avoid, when possible, taking fragments of the longer and more elaborate poems of any author, as these, in most cases, bearing the necessary relation of parts to a whole, would have an air of incompleteness, and would require, indeed, a study of the whole poem to give them their true value and effect. But, in a few cases, such extracts have been more than practicable; they have been very complete and unit-like.

Fortunately for the beginning of our work, THOMSON has given us, in his "Hymn," a beautiful and devout *résumé* of his great work, "The Seasons," to which multiform art has been most effectively applied, invoking alike the balmy breezes of spring, the grateful noonshade of summer, the russet fruits of autumn, and the tinkling bells and sounding skates of winter. The devout invocation of the Hymn is a very fitting and appropriate opening to our Poet's Gallery.

It belongs to the poet's mind, indeed, to conceive such gigantic schemes, and block out in fancy such colossal heroes, that most poets have left their ideals unwrought in real verse; the sequel remains unwritten or there is left to some unworthy hand the task of making a halting, disconnected, and dwarfed conclusion to the splendid thought of the poet's genius. Such was Chaucer's great scheme in those rare cabinet pictures of English life which are drawn for us in the *Canterbury Tales*; they would have brought old England, in all its ranks and characters, down to the latest generations,

had not the poet died long before the completion of his work. His pilgrims are still on the Roman Road to Canterbury. Such was Spenser's thought in designing the twelve books of his *Faërie Queen*, to inculcate the twelve great moral virtues of a gentle person; and in looking beyond this to another work of like gigantic scope, which should represent, in allegory, the *political* virtues as well as the *moral*: he died when six books of his first part were completed, and no one has dared to follow him into the gorgeous "faërie land" of his fancy.

And so, too, must the poet's reality always be in its relation to his great idea: Genius may plume her wings, "mewing her mighty youth," for a sun-distant soaring; but the eventide will come, when she must descend to earth again, and leave the empyrean for another sun, and a newer pinion.

Yet although this is just cause of regret to all lovers of English poetry, and admirers of the great English poets; still, there are, besides these great Torsos of the Imagination, the smaller, more gem-like poems, of various kinds, which are at once characteristic of the poet, and symmetrical in themselves. According to a law of crystals, if a large mass be shivered into fragments, each is in itself a perfect crystal, whose plane surfaces and angles are the same as those of the larger mass; and each is the primitive form assigned to that crystal. Such is the poet's mind: each thought reflects the light of immortality from the same source; each verse is a luminous and symmetrical miniature of the great life work; and Milton calls a true poet's life, a great poem. These smaller crystals it has been our purpose to gather and arrange here.

It will be no more than proper to give to the readers of this work a passing commentary on the extracts which it contains. It must be brief, and unencumbered by statistics.

After the extracts from THOMSON, we have introduced that beautiful "Ode to Evening," by COLLINS, not so generally appreciated as it deserves to be, because it wants the tinkling rhyme of popular admiration; but which is in reality as nearly perfect as anything in our knowledge. It is charmingly illustrated by the ethereal form whose

"Folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet."

Of all the poets, none appears to have written with more foreknowledge of illustration, than THOMAS GRAY, whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" has inspired the pencil of Art to constant attempts at interpretation, ever since it was written. It is indeed a series of four-lined poems, rather than a connected poem; and each stanza would bear an illustration.

"The Bard" is a picture of History too striking to need comment; the days and deeds of Cadwallo, Urien, and Modred, are days also of lofty romance, and bring back ever and anon, to our ears, the distant, fitful sound of

"Highborn Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

No one will regret to see so large a space devoted to GOLDSMITH. "The Deserted Village" is the most beautiful and pathetic of moral lessons, and cannot be presented or read too often; and "Retaliation" has the charm of biographic touches which render it a parti-

cular favorite. That GOLDSMITH looked up with reverence to Dr. Johnson, even in the domain of Poetry, and that Dr. Johnson is the author of some of the fine lines in both "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," only render the conclusion more astonishing that GOLDSMITH is read by an admiring world, while "London" is praised by the critical few.

With fewer claims to popularity, BEATTIE has still left us some exquisitely fresh pictures of Nature, and some finely-expressed moral sentiments, which invoke a place in our Gallery. There are few things simpler and sweeter than the picture he has drawn,—himself, one would think, unconscious of its power, so simple is its language,—to illustrate "The Melodies of Morn:"

"The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell."

Among the poets who form the transition school, COWPER is one of the greatest names. Entirely in love with Nature himself, he treats of trivial and common things in plain, vigorous English, and over all he throws an atmosphere of devotion which makes Nature radiant with the Divinity. As a type of his life, its sorrow, its doubts, and its gentleness, his "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," have a value apart from his own meaning; they are in epitome an unconscious autobiography of the poet's heart.

And what shall we say of BURNS, poor BURNS! He held the pen of a philosopher, but led a life of sorrow and excess. As we read his sage advice, his lessons and warnings to Tam, his moralizings upon life and death, and then reflect upon his own sad experience, we are

ready to exclaim with the poetess, in very sadness and sympathy :

“O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while you were smiling.”

What would English literature be without Burns? How could the world spare “Tam o’ Shanter”? Where is the counterpart to “Mary in Heaven”?

Of ROGERS and CAMPBELL, the poets of Memory and Hope, it must ever be allowed that in their longer poems they have laid up their principal treasures,—treasures of fine thought, careful finish, elaborate ornamentation; making the verse of one to glide like rippling water,—the ever-changing, but gentle stream, upon which Memory wafts her favored voyager; and giving to the fine heroics of the other, a richness of tone, now soft and sweet, like the music of “Love’s Young Dream,” and anon startling and trumpet-like, inspiring to deeds of patriotic valor.

But though this is true of their larger poems, the fine “staccato passages” in “Italy” give us real fragmentary beauties from ROGERS; a Picture

“Done by Zampieri, but by whom I care not”;

a Statue; a Gondola at St. Mark’s, or a Doge’s gilded barge “Bucentaur” wedding the Adriatic. And there was a sphere in which CAMPBELL has always moved alone; his martial lyrics making him the undisputed laureate of the battle-field, and the thundering deck of “native oak.” “The Battle of the Baltic” and “Hohenlinden” are not excelled by any lyrics, in any language, ancient or modern.

One fragment of WORDSWORTH seems to be an exception to extracts from large poems, in general. It is that lifelike description of the Skater, from the "Childhood and Schoolltime" of the "Prelude," which the artist has represented to us by a graceful figure of a young skater, with arms folded, and eyes fairly dancing with the solitary sport. WORDSWORTH will bear, less than any English poet, to be read in fragments such as would supply our present need; although many thoughts, expressed even in two or three lines, are particularly well suited for illustrative quotation. To appreciate him, his works must be studied. His poems are the history of his life, ardent, contemplative, and original; hence, in themselves, it is to be feared, they will lose something of that interest which belongs very much to his own identity; and as time rolls on, and that identity becomes shadowy and indistinct in the past, "the School of Wordsworth" will give place to one, of which action, vigor, and intellectual motion shall be the splendid characteristics. But if such shall be the verdict of time as to the school which he has established, there are beauties in his own poems which the "world will not willingly let die:" and by these his name will be transmitted, honored and cherished to the latest generations.

Not a word need be said here of SCOTT, whose "Lay" and "Lady" are the very music and heroine of chivalric sentiment, even in our work-day world. Flodden Field owes to him an immortality which its own importance could never have claimed, and Marmion is our beau-ideal of a bold and unscrupulous English knight in those days of bold and unscrupulous dealing. As a spirited and highly finished battle-piece "Flodden" has been introduced.

COLERIDGE'S Hymn to Mont Blanc is a magnificent burst of poetical devotion. How charmingly has our own satirist and poet, HOLMES, described its author, its electric fancy, its vocal bursts :

“Unblest by any save the goatherd's lines,
 Mont Blanc rose soaring through his ‘sea of pines ;’
 In vain the Arvé and Arveiron dash,
 No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches ;
 Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
 Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
 And lo ! the glaciers found at length a tongue,
 Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung.”

The poem of “Love,” or “Genevieve,” is the perfection of pure sentiment most charmingly expressed.

It is difficult to find words in which to express briefly a just criticism of SOUTHEY ; he was so learned, so paradoxical, so truth-loving, so obstinate, so egotistical, and withal so just to himself and his well-earned fame ; but he has left many noble poems in very pure English, and from them we have chosen two beautiful smaller pieces, and a graphic scene from his colossal epic, “Thalaba.”

The sphere of CHARLES LAMB was eminently poetical, and yet he has made but few essays in verse. But if high sentiment, noble diction, and pathetic earnestness, all lavished upon worthy subjects, are elements of poetry, then the essays of Elia are full of poetry. Vivid, contemplative, witty, they are prose poems, destined to immortality. Of his works in verse, the “Old Familiar Faces” will always be recognized as his most striking production : as such it has been introduced with an apt illustration,—Nature showering her leafy tears upon a stranger in his own home, seeking in vain to find “the old familiar faces.”

HORACE SMITH is known more generally in England than in this country, as one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," but he has achieved his truest fame, in our judgment, by his "Hymn to the Flowers," which is always fresh, odorous, and musical. Glance at the rich handiwork of the artist, and acknowledge that he has fairly caught its spirit and its power.

Of MOORE, so long the poet of love and society, we are loth to think as always basking in that false and lurid light; his love was often license, and society was the idol at whose shrine he burnt his best poetic incense. But those who have listened in former days to

"The idle tinkling of the minstrel's lyre",

turn now with truer pleasure to those Sacred Melodies, which are fervent with devotion, and overflowing with tears. What a debt of gratitude, too, does his country owe him for the Irish Melodies! What a glorious retrieval of airs which had degenerated into union with low and vulgar words! What a happy marriage of such time-honored music to chivalry and glorious sentiment! Thus should MOORE be remembered.

With the name of JAMES MONTGOMERY, arises to the mind a vision of glorious moral virtues,—godliness, philanthropy, and contentment. If not a great poet, he is a good one, and is well loved and cherished by millions in England and America. It may be doubted if any one ever read "The Field of the World," without an emotion and a resolution for the better.

What a power is conferred upon the Poetic Muse! It is the power herself to confer immortality for a few words of genius, hastily conceived, rapidly written, but,

when once printed, forever to be shouted from millions of hearts, by millions of voices, to every zenith.

Such was the noble award of poetry to HEBER. Scholar, Bishop, missionary of the Cross, he is better known and more constantly honored as the writer of that most beautiful of Christian ballads,

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,”

which moves with such pleasant, undulating motion alike to the chanting of baby tongues, and of manly bass. It was deemed unnecessary to repeat it in this collection—because it is in every one’s memory.

It is well known that General Wolfe, as he floated upon the St. Lawrence on the memorable night before his attack, thought it more desirable to have written Gray’s Elegy than to take Quebec; but the electric popularity of the Missionary Hymn is far greater than that of the Elegy, and the fame of the author quite as enduring, as that which rewards the genius of Gray.

To please the admirers of GRAHAME—all will respect his holy theme—we have introduced an extract from his “Sabbath;” it is unexceptionable in tone, and calming in its effects upon the mind; and its real merits have here been greatly enhanced by the beautiful illustrations of the artist.

We cannot claim to be among those whose enthusiasm for his piety has led them to rank KIRKE WHITE among the first English poets; but his sad story lends an interest to his verses, quite as great as genius itself could do. Nor are they wanting in a certain power and beauty. Especially are the closing stanzas of his fragment, “The

Christiad," extremely touching and effective,—the half-resigned—half-reluctant death-song of a gifted boy. "The Star of Bethlehem" is a Christian hymn everywhere known and loved.

It is characteristic of Genius that she loves to fledge and foster her offspring in lowly nests: and so for the first time in our catalogue we come upon a *noble* singer; on many accounts the most remarkable of the English poets of his time,—LORD BYRON. It is related in one of Spence's anecdotes, that after Pope had been reading to an old lady a canto of Spenser's "Faërie Queen," she declared he had been showing her a gallery of paintings. To make such a gallery was BYRON'S aim in the composition of Childe Harold, and we are consequently at no loss for fine and complete pictures in that poetic record of his travels. A view of the Rhine with its song of Drachenfels; Seville in its rare Southern beauty; Rome, "the Niobe of nations;" Clarens, "birth-place of deep love;"—wherever the eye turns it rests upon a magnificent landscape, in which the prominent figure is always the same,—the restless, morbid, world-hating poet himself, the "Childe" of his own story. Of all his beautiful descriptions none is grander or more touching than that of Venice—Venice appealing through the poet, to England, that

"The Ocean Queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children;"

the old lion of St. Mark invoking the favor and protection of the majestic young lion of Britain. It is less common, too, than many others, and has been for that reason selected in this work.

Mrs. SOUTHEY is known both by her own name, Caroline Bowles, and by her husband's overshadowing name, as a woman of high intellectual and poetic powers; of her genius we have striking proof in that grand poem, "The Pauper's Deathbed." There can be nothing finer than the stanza, beginning,

" O change, O wondrous change !
Burst are the prison bars !"

It is overwhelming in thought and diction.

Who does not love GEORGE HERBERT—the very name is a sweet savor of sanctity. The mantle of Herbert has descended upon KEBLE; while, with an originality, an identity as marked as that of any English poet, he has completed the idea of Herbert, and formed for us, in living strains, a companion for every Sunday and great day in England's ecclesiastical year. The idea is not, indeed, a new one, for in England, Henry Vaughan had sung in holy and humble notes of the great doctrines of the English Church, and the days of their showing forth, according to its ritual; and on the Continent, in Germany, Paul Gerhardt, Weiszel, Rist, Richter, Luther, and others, impelled by holy fervor, had written verses upon the principal Sundays in the year; but there is no work in any language which is the basis of KEBLE'S "Christian Year;" and no poet has ever equalled him in the beauty of its manifold parts. Its popularity extends far beyond his own communion, and proves the catholicity of its pious spirit.

Of all the poets the most strikingly individual is SHELLEY. He seems to write for himself, not for the world; the strings of his lyre are attuned to his own

heart, his own hopes, and his own aspirations; and beyond these he cares not to look. Shocking society by his views of life, and his practice; alienating even Christian charity by his blasphemy; self-deceived by a kind of organic sophistry in these vital matters; he soothed himself by Poetry: she was his kindly nurse, his gentle companion; and had he not met a premature death, so strangely shadowed forth in "Adonais," she might have been gifted from God to bring him at last to "repentance and a better mind." If SHELLEY had an inspiration from without, it was more than two thousand years old; he was imbued essentially with Greek philosophy and learning; and one may gather the best idea of the effect produced by the Greek tragedists upon the cultivated Greek mind, by observing the effect of Shelley's poetry upon our own.

"The Cloud" is a fine series of beautiful contrasts, poetizing the simplest phenomena of air and watery vapor; while the verses "To a Skylark" are without a rival in the extremely limpid flow of the words. In the lines,

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers;—

one can hear rain-drops and bird-singing, and memory supplies a pleasant fancy of the sweet perfume of hidden, "rain-awakened" violets.

With the mention of KEATS, comes an emotion of never-failing regret, that one who promised so much should die in the very heyday of hope and action. He has not left much in volume, but the little we have, overflowing with genius as it is, has enabled us to

present to the reader, extracts full of soul and conceived in the best vein of poetic thought. His lines to "Autumn" are particularly vigorous and beautiful.

It was for a long time the fashion to overrate Mrs. HEMANS, and, for some years past, by a process of reaction, the critics have combined to depreciate her poetry. If there be another cause for this latter injustice, it is the coming in of that quaint school of Poetry, of which Wordsworth was the chief: the quietists, the mystics, the men who frown, by their example, at least, upon the joyous, the gay, and "the gushing" in verse.

An American writer has attributed the popularity of another of our country's poets to his writing at and for the people,—“breast high,”—to use his own phrase. Eminently does this apply to Mrs. HEMANS. There is no age or walk in life that has not dwelt with delight upon her heart-verses. She has touched the chords of the human harp to every note of which it is capable, and she will live as long as love, and hope, and holy grief find sway in this chequered world of laughter and tears. Few persons can read "The Better Land," without at least recalling the emotions of childhood, and blending with them the sad experience of later years.

Little need be said of MOTHERWELL; his life was sorrowful and short, and he seems to have been gifted as a poet only to sing his own death-song.

Of HOOD, the world knows more than of most contemporary poets, because of the comic element in almost everything he wrote. But, to our mind, his pathos was better than his fun, and this is manifest from that most touching poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," which appears among our extracts. With the very perfection of pathos, what a noble lesson it contains:

“Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!”

Mr. MACAULAY—we must beg his pardon that, as his fame was all achieved before his peerage, he can never be LORD MACAULAY to us—has given us, in the “Lays of Ancient Rome,” a beautiful and scholarly history of two periods in Roman history,—that to which the Lays refer, and of which they tell the story, and that in which they are supposed to be sung for the noble purpose of inciting the degenerate Roman people by the lofty example of their ancestors. Rich as are these poems in the flow of words, there are not wanting those who think MACAULAY led astray by his own luxuriance into something very like verbiage. The *dictum* of the world, the *vox populi*, however, has declared very fully in favor of the Lays, in spite of the *dilettanti*. We have introduced “THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS” because of its real interest and excellence, and because it is less known than HORATIUS and VIRGINIA.

Again in our list we reach a woman’s name, but how unlike is its bearer to Mrs. HEMANS. The one is a glad and genial companion in all the homes of humanity—the other, prophetess and pythoness, stands aloof from them all, at least in her bolder flights, and sings now of vulture-torn Prometheus, in numbers almost equal to Æschylus, and again of the “Drama of Exile” from Paradise, with all its horrors. Mrs. BROWNING stands alone in our literature. Her mind has been called masculine; this is an error. It is not of necessity masculine to be vigorous and independent. No man could have written like her; and this she seems to have designed to prove

in her last poem, "Aurora Leigh." This poem is in reality the autobiography of just such a woman, who would place herself above man in point of will, if not of intellect. If Chaucer's "Wife of Bath" be a true woman, this is intensely womanish; for "sovereignty over man" is her verdict of woman's desire.

But as if to show how multiform her genius is, Mrs. BROWNING has left us some very delicate and touching poems, which are more to the general taste, because they come down to the level of our common humanity: "Cowper's Grave" is a universal favorite; and we commend most heartily "Loved Once," and "The Sleep." In "The Lady's Yes," she has gone out of herself to write a simple little pleasantry, which is amusing and charming.

So short is our space, that with TENNYSON'S honored name we close the list of English Poets. Perhaps he is the poet most difficult of criticism; the one who in almost any promiscuous assembly would have an equal number of friends and enemies. This fact is in itself a clue to the philosophy of his writings. He is fanciful, rather than imaginative, and instead of writing to touch the great soul of humanity, has conceived fancies which are appreciated by the few instead of the many. To redeem this fault, he has the rarest powers of harmonious language, and invests these strange fancies in such a beautiful garb, that we are compelled to read and admire, in spite, sometimes, of our better judgment.

It seems hard to compare the labors of years with a single short poem, evoked by a patriotic burst, but "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is a surer passport to immortality than anything TENNYSON has written. It has

immediately taken rank with Campbell's battle-pieces, and will remain among the finest productions of that class. There is a terrible truthfulness in his description of that focus of convergent fire:

“ Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.”

First the *volley*, seen; then the *thunder*, heard! No other words could express it; and if so fine a passage can be excelled, it is surpassed by the concluding lines of that stanza, which absolutely move at “a charge,” with all the accompaniments of steel, shot, smoke, and blood.

“ Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.”

Perhaps the most difficult part of the problem of selection was reached in the effort to choose, among our American poets, the few names for which there was room in our English gallery. Many there are, and we are proud to say it, who more than deserve the distinction; and yet of those who are here, are not all equally meritorious?

BRYANT is our great priest of Nature, whether Druid-like amid the groves, which he tells us were “God's first temples,” or wandering in “the Past” to find “each tie of pure affection,” which the aching heart has mourned as lost, or following the silent Zephyr in its balmy flight.

LONGFELLOW reminds us of his own “Singers,” as from

year to year he retouches his harp to a newer harmony, and a deeper lesson; "wandering by streams," "singing in the market-place," anon, in "cathedrals dim and vast," everywhere he touches the heart, and strengthens the soul.

And such too are the claims of WILLIS and HALLECK; heart-thoughts and lofty tone of sentiment mark their writings, and make them "household words" wherever they are known.

But we must epitomize our golden opinions of the American poets with whose names our pages are enriched:—MORRIS, whose nest is in the hearts of the people, wherever a lofty tree defies the woodman's axe, or our country's flag floats to tell of Union and strength; —HOLMES, "the Doctor," anatomist, microscopist, "autocrat," but, best of all, poet, and by extension, moralist, teacher, satirist;—POE, intensely musical, his chimes, like his own Bells, constantly singing in "a sort of Runic rhyme," not always very intelligible, but haunting the chambers of the brain "evermore!"

BOKER is characterized by refined taste; nor, as in many notable cases does this trammel his powers; it serves rather as an elastic bond which gives greater comeliness of proportions to his genius.

From the burdensome duties of the press, PRENTICE has stolen moments for sweet converse with the Muses, and is always melodious and flute-like. SIMMS stands, *facile princeps*, among the Southern poets; and Judge CONRAD is marked, perhaps, more than any American writer, by an impassioned fervor, which commends all he has written. COXE is truly the poet of devotion and the Church. Each of his Christian ballads is a sermon, complete in all its parts.

And this brings us naturally to one very pleasant thought, which shall be our last wave of the pen, by way of ushering our readers into the goodly company who stand waiting to receive them.

It is remarkable as well as pleasant, that all the great works of English poetry are characterized by a high moral and devotional tone. From some beautiful cathedral window the painted light shoots through and around the forms of prophets and apostles, throwing upon column and cornice, chancel and altar, its many-colored radiance, staining alike with its gorgeous dyes the peasant's gaberdine and the rich man's velvet, as they kneel before a common God and Father. So in this vast cathedral of the poet-heart, the figures which shine in the oriel windows are laurelled poets, living apart from this working world, often martyrs to its scorn and apostles of good to its ignorant unbelief; and the light transmitted through their beautiful works shines upon an altar, and attracts worshippers by its beauty and its glory,—and that, too, is the altar of GOD!

This claim of English Literature, sterling English Literature, has never met with a counter claim elsewhere. France, Italy, Spain have marked their most gorgeous poems with infidelity, licentiousness, and superstition; but England alone has found in her language and heart power to “purge off the baser fire victorious.”

Exceptions, few and rare, there are, where genius, like that of Byron, has left the unsightly insects and smaller reptiles of his envenomed fancy preserved forever in the pure and costly amber of his verse, but these exceptions only prove the rule.

Chaucer inculcates pure morals and true piety; his

coarseness is the fault of the age, as his characters are types of the times.

Spenser is the poet of the Virtues, clad in robes of true sentiment and the armor of pure and undefiled religion.

Milton's flight is into the regions where ribaldry and license are unknown, or where they are eternally punished. Wordsworth, the contemplative and pious poet, sought everywhere for God, and has imbued many hearts with a glorious enthusiasm for so ennobling a search.

But why need we enumerate? Cowper, Thomson, Southey, aye, even Byron, in his better self,—all great English poets, like the pure minstrel sent to sing in "hall," or "camp," or "grove," are, like him, God's singers, sent on a prophet's errand, to teach men love, and mercy, and hope.

Of the fact here stated, our various extracts afford abundant proof; and although the volume is radiant with poetic genius, and sumptuous with the adornments of tasteful Art, this is its chief claim to our readers' notice and regard. With this, then, its crowning commendation, we leave it cheerfully in their hands.

H. C.

PHILADELPHIA, August 10, 1858.



THOMSON.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling Year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and Love.



Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling Year :
 And oft thy Voice in dreadful thunder speaks :
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, Thou bidst the World adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force Divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the Tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living Soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general Song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.



Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye Constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world:
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless Song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled Men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll!
For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,



Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;

And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.



ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

I HATE the clamors of the smoky towns,
But much admire the bliss of rural clowns ;
Where some remains of innocence appear,
Where no rude noise insults the listening ear ;
Nought but soft zephyrs whispering through the trees,
Or the still humming of the painful bees ;
The gentle murmurs of a purling rill,
Or the unwearied chirping of the drill ;
The charming harmony of warbling birds,
Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds ;
The murmuring stockdoves' melancholy coo,
When they their loved mates lament or woo ;
The pleasing bleatings of the tender lambs,
Or the indistinct mum'ling of their dams ;
The musical discord of chiding hounds,
Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds ;
The rural mournful songs of lovesick swains,
Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains ;
The whistling music of the lagging plough,
Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.

And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,
So with delightful prospects it abounds :
Through every season of the sliding year,
Unto the ravished sight new scenes appear.

In the sweet Spring the sun's prolific ray
Does painted flowers to the mild air display ;



Then opening buds, then tender herbs, are seen,
And the bare fields are all arrayed in green.

In ripening Summer, the full laden vales
Gives prospect of employment for the flails;
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,
Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.

In Autumn, that repays the laborer's pains,
Reapers sweep down the honors of the plains.

Anon black Winter, from the frozen north,
Its treasures of snow and hail pours forth;
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,
In desolation nature seems to lie;

'The unstained snow from the full clouds descends,
 Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.
 In maiden white the glittering fields do shine ;
 Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,
 With withered eyes they see all snow around,
 And with their fore feet paw and scrape the ground :
 They cheerfully crop the insipid grass,
 The shepherds sighing, cry, Alas ! alas !
 Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame ;
 Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game ;
 Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,
 Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.

How sweet and innocent are country sports,
 And, as men's tempers, various are their sorts.

You, on the banks of soft meandering Tweed,
 May in your toils ensnare the watery breed,
 And nicely lead the artificial flee,
 Which, when the nimble, watchful trout does see,
 He at the bearded hook will briskly spring ;
 Then in that instant twieth your hairy string,
 And, when he's hooked, you, with a constant hand,
 May draw him struggling to the fatal land.

Then at fit seasons you may clothe your hook
 With a sweet bait, dressed by a faithless cook ;
 The greedy pike darts to't with eager haste,
 And being struck, in vain he flies at last ;
 He rages, storms, and flounces through the stream,
 But all, alas ! his life cannot redeem.

At other times you may pursue the chase,
 And hunt the nimble hare from place to place.
 See, when the dog is just upon the grip,
 Out at a side she'll make a handsome skip,

And ere he can divert his furious course,
She, far before him, scours with all her force :
She'll shift, and many times run the same ground ;
At last, outwearied by the stronger hound,
She falls a sacrifice unto his hate,
And with sad piteous screams laments her fate.

See how the hawk doth take his towering flight,
And in his course outflies our very sight,
Bears down the fluttering fowl with all his might.

See how the wary gunner casts about,
Watching the fittest posture when to shoot :
Quick as the fatal lightning blasts the oak,
He gives the springing fowl a sudden stroke ;
He pours upon 't a shower of mortal lead,
And ere the noise is heard the fowl is dead.

Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtle snare,
Of which the entangled fowl was not aware ;
Through pathless wastes he doth pursue his sport,
Where nought but moor-fowl and wild beasts resort.

When the noon sun directly darts his beams
Upon your giddy heads, with fiery gleams,
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams ;
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire
To form a grateful shade ;—there rural swains
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains ;
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,
And in soft charming notes do imitate their lays.
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,
And, lulled with music, to kind slumbers pass :
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,
And on that scene no tragic fears will act ;

Save the dear image of a charming she,
Nought will the object of your vision be.

Away the vicious pleasures of the town ;
Let empty partial fortune on me frown ;
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.



COLLINS.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing ;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly cirlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,



And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
 Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw.
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favorite name !

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.



GRAY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gav
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
 “Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”



THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

“ RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !”
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 “ To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
 lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

“ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

“ Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare ;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

“Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

“Thy verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me ; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.



Be thine despair, and sceptred care ;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.



GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please !
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !



How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain :
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to opulence allied ;
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,—
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.



Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;

There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear ;
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.



The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.



But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks ; nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined ;
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain :
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure—all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past,—for charms are frail,—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress ;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed :
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed—
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah ! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey—
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep !
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land :
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move—a melancholy band—
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame—
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so—
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime:
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarròn his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
 If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish :
 Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;
 Our Will shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavor,
 And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savor ;

Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,
 And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain ;
 Our Garrick's a salad—for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;
 That Hickey's a capon, and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool,
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine ! let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder—and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
 Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,—
 At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman ; too proud for a wit ;

For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam—
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home :
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at ;
 Alas that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest—and now breaking a limb ;
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
 Now teasing and vexing—yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax—
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines ;
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I feared for your safety, I feared for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture ;
 Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style ;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile :
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused and you were bepraised!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good nature;
 He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
 I answer, No, no—for he always was wiser ;
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that ;
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !
 Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn ye—
 He was—could he help it ?—a special attorney.



Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind.

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland :
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing :
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

BEATTIE.



MORNING LANDSCAPE.

EVEN now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?

The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;

Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;—

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his heart rung symphonious, a hermit began :
 No more with himself or with Nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.



“Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguished her crescent displays;
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
 dew:
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 'O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
 'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

THE SAGE.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain passed and valley wide,
Then reached the wild where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man ; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprung from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, licked the withered hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

COWPER.



RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,—
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But caving rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,—
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

LOVE OF NATURE.

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been formed
And tutored with a relish, more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green

Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling? Are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; over-head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardor he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease;
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honors, or emolument, or fame,
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ;
To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;
To artists ingenuity and skill ;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.





LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
 “Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!

Who bidd'st me honor, with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
 By disappointment every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,

(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again :
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

 A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay ;
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart :
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned !
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.



Robert Burns - Poet -

BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate ;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)
 O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou wasna sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon:
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,

How mony lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !
 But to our tale :—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither !
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious ;
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious ;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
 Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy !
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure :
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he taks the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed ;
 That night, a child might understand,
 The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—
 By this time he was cross the foord,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared nae deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light ;
 And wow ! Tam saw an unco sight ;
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels ;
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge ;
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—

By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-long, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen,
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was a winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenned on Carrick shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched ;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
And in an instant all was dark ;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When " Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.



Ah, Tam ! Ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin' !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross !
But ere the keystone she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail :
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed ;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,



I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

“ Young stranger, whither wand’rest thou ?”
 Began the rev’reud sage ;
“ Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure’s rage ?
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

“ The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling’s pride :
I’ve seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

“ O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives nature’s law,
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood’s active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right :

But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn ;
 Then age and want—oh! ill-matched pair!—
 Show man was made to mourn.

“ A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure’s lap caressed :
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn !
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Many and sharp the num’rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man’s inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

“ See yonder poor, o’erlabored wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

“ If I’m designed yon lordling’s slave—
By Nature’s law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

“ Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the best !
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

“ O Death ! the poor man’s dearest friend—
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn !
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn.”

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



Sam^l Rogers.

ROGERS.

COLL' ALTO.

“ IN this neglected mirror (the broad frame
Of massy silver serves to testify
That many a noble matron of the house
Has sat before it) once, alas, was seen

What led to many sorrows. From that time
The bat came hither for a sleeping-place ;
And he, that cursed another in his heart,
Said, ' Be thy dwelling, through the day and night,
Shunned like Coll' alto.'—'Twas in that old Pile,
Which flanks the cliff with its gray battlements
Flung here and there, and, like an eagle's nest,
Hangs in the TREVISAN, that thus the Steward,
Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left,
Addressed me, as we entered what was called
" My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the chairs,
Much yet remained of the rich tapestry ;
Much of the adventures of SIR LANCELOT
In the green glades of some enchanted wood.
The toilet-table was of silver wrought,
Florentine Art, when Florence was renowned ;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and flowers ;
And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his mistress bade him, would unfold
(So says the babbling Dame, Tradition, there)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and looked,
A gleam of day yet lingering in the west,
The Steward went on. " She had ('tis now long since)
A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too ;
None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows ; and some there were, that said,
Some that knew much, discoursing of Cristine,
' She is not what she seems.' When unrequired,

She would steal forth ; her custom, her delight,
 To wander through and through an ancient grove
 Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
 Like one in love with sadness ; and her veil
 And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
 Ever as surely as the hours came round,
 Among those reverend trees, gave her below
 The name of The White Lady. But the day
 Is gone, and I delay thee.

In that chair

The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
 The gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
 Combing her golden hair ; and through this door
 The Count, her lord, was hastening, called away
 By letters of great urgency to Venice ;
 When in the glass she saw, as she believed
 ('Twas an illusion of the Evil One—
 Some say he came and crossed it at the time)
 A smile, a glance at parting, given and answered,
 That turned her blood to gall. That very night
 The deed was done. That night, ere yet the Moon
 Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
 Baying as still he does (oft is he heard,
 An hour or more, by the old turret clock),
 They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristine,
 Helping her down in her distress—to die.

“ No blood was spilt ; no instrument of death
 Lurked—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose ;
 Nor was a hair of her unblemished head
 Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just blown,
 And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
 She was walled up within the Castle wall.

The wall itself was hollowed secretly ;
 Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
 Would'st thou descend ?——'Tis in a darksome vault
 Under the Chapel: and there nightly now,
 As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
 And as if nothing had been done or thought,



The stone-work rose before her, till the light
 Glimmered and went—there nightly at that hour,
 (Thou smil'st, and would it were an idle tale !)
 In her white veil and vesture white she stands
 Shuddering—her eyes uplifted, and her hands
 Joined as in prayer ; then like a Blessed Soul
 Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
 Flies o'er the woods and mountains. Issuing forth,
 The hunter meets her in his hunting-track ;
 The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
 (For still she bears the name she bore of old)
 ‘ 'Tis the White Lady ! ’ ”

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

IT was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured forth
As to some grand solemnity. The fisher
Came from his islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, along the Po, the Brenta,
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
And in his straw the prisoner turned and listened,
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Thronged her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk,
Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew,
In yellow hat and threadbare gaberdine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the state,
They of Patrician birth, the flower of Venice,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon, a distant murmur through the crowd,
Rising and rolling on, announced their coming;
And never from the first was to be seen
Such splendor or such beauty. Two and two
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them),
First came the Brides in all their loveliness;
Each in her veil, and by two bride-maids followed,
Only less lovely, who behind her bore
The precious caskets that within contained
The dowry and the presents. On she moved,
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,

Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;
 And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
 Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;
 A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
 Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the Church,

That venerable structure now no more
 On the sea-brink, another train they met,
 No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,
 Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest ;
 Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
 And, as he walked, with modest dignity
 Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate
 They join ; and slowly up the bannered aisle
 Led by the choir, with due solemnity
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows,
 Who can look on unmoved—the dream of years
 Just now fulfilling ! Here a mother weeps,
 Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son
 Blesses the day that is to make her his ;
 While she shines forth through all her ornament,
 Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down,
 All of all ranks ; and, stretching out his hands,
 Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds
 To give the blessing—not a stir, a breath ;
 When hark, a din of voices from without,
 And shrieks and groans and outeries as in battle !
 And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,
 And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep,
 Savage, uncouth, led on by BARBARO,

And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold! Statue-like,
Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike;
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now?—ploughing the distant waves,
Their sails outspread and given to the wind,
They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,
Steering for ISTRIA; their accursed barks
(Well are they known, the galliot and the galley)
Frighted, alas, with all that life endears!
The richest argosies were poor to them!

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
The matrons running wild, their festal dress
A strange and moving contrast to their grief;
And through the city, wander where thou wouldst,
The men half armed and arming—everywhere
As roused from slumber by that stirring trump;
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
One with an axe severing in two the chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half VENICE was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
The Youths were gone in a light brigantine,
Lying at anchor near the Arsenal;
Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower
The watchman gives the signal. In the east

A ship is seen, and making for the Port ;
 Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point,
 Over the waters like a sea-bird flying !
 Ha, 'tis the same, 'tis theirs ! from stern to prow
 Green with victorious wreaths, she comes to bring
 All that was lost. — Coasting, with narrow search,
 FRIULI—like a tiger in his spring,
 They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay
 Sharing the spoil in blind security
 And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,
 All to the last, and flung them far and wide
 Into the sea, their proper element ;
 Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
 Had hushed the babes of VENICE, and who yet,
 Breathing a little, in his look retained
 The fierceness of his soul.

Thus were the Brides

Lost and recovered ; and what now remained
 But to give thanks ? Twelve breast-plates and twelve
 crowns,
 By the young Victors to their Patron-Saint
 Vowed in the field, inestimable gifts,
 Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time
 Laid at his feet ; and ever to preserve
 The memory of a day so full of change,
 From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
 Thro' many an age, as oft as it came round,
 'Twas held religiously. The Doge resigned
 His crimson for pure ermine, visiting
 At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine ;
 And through the city, in a stately barge
 Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies



Twelve ladies, young and noble. Clad they were
 In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
 Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
 As on a burnished throne, they glided by;
 No window or balcony but adorned
 With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
 But covered with beholders, and the air
 Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
 Moving in concert with the harmony,
 Through the Rialto to the Ducal Palace,
 And at a banquet, served with honor there,
 Sat representing, in the eyes of all,
 Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
 Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of VENICE.



DON GARZIA.

AMONG those awful forms, in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as Genii of the Place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the Tyrant. Clad in mail,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they, who read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed, died with him; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,

All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
 From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
 Is told, and by an honest Chronicler.

Two of his sons, GIOVANNI and GARZIA,
 (The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer)
 Went to the chase ; but only one returned.
 GIOVANNI, when the huntsman blew his horn
 O'er the last stag had started from the brake,
 And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
 Appeared not ; and at close of day was found
 Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
 The trembling COSMO guessed the deed, the doer ;
 And, having caused the body to be borne
 In secret to that Chamber—at an hour
 When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,
 Who little thought of what was yet to come,
 And lived but to be told—he bade GARZIA
 Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
 A winking lamp, and in the other a key
 Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led :
 And, having entered in and locked the door,
 The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
 And closely questioned him. No change betrayed
 Or guilt or fear. Then COSMO lifted up
 The bloody sheet. “ Look there ! Look there ! ” he cried.
 “ Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand !
 —Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
 What ! ” he exclaimed, when shuddering at the sight,
 The boy breathed out, “ I stood but on my guard ; ”
 “ Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
 Who would not set his foot upon a worm ?
 Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
 And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all.”

Then from GARZIA'S belt he drew the blade,
 The fatal one which spilt his brother's blood ;
 And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
 "Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
 Thou knowest what it costs me ; but alas,
 How can I spare myself, sparing none else ?
 Grant me the strength, the will—and oh forgive
 The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
 'Tis a most wretched father that implores it."
 Long on GARZIA'S neck he hung and wept,
 Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly ;
 And then, but while he held him by the arm,
 Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
 And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
 Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
 When in the train of some great embassy
 He came, a visitant, to COSMO'S court,
 Think on the past ; and, as he wandered through
 The ample spaces of an ancient house,
 Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
 Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
 Together, as of 'Two in bonds of love,
 Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude
 From the sad looks of him who could have told
 The terrible truth.—Well might he heave a sigh
 For poor humanity, when he beheld
 That very COSMO shaking o'er his fire,
 Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
 Wrapt in his nightgown, o'er a sick man's mess,
 In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale ;
 His wife, another, not his ELEANOR,
 At once his nurse and his interpreter.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To MODENA, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 BOLOGNA'S bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
 Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romancè,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 Who in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day.—A summer sun
 Sets ere one-half is seen; but ere thou go,
 Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by ZAMPIERI—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
 As though she said “Beware!” her vest of gold
 Broïdered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,

An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !



Alone it hangs,
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by ANTONY of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from VENICE, and had held

The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young GINEVRA was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, FRANCESCO DORIA,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

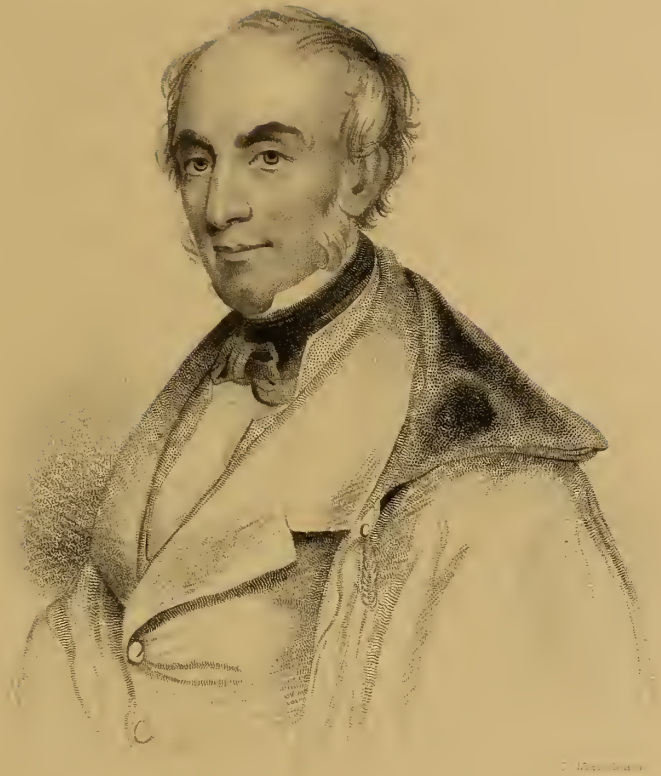
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety;
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come,—the day, the hour:
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to FRANCESCO.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the Bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
“'Tis but to make a trial of our love!”
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left FRANCESCO.
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
FRANCESCO flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
ORSINI lived ; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as GINEVRA,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?”
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ GINEVRA.”

There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,—
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !



Wordsworth

WORDS WORTH.

A RURAL HERO.

THE mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine

Spring's richest blossoms ; and ye may have marked
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn. The pool
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale,



Such and so glorious did this youth appear ;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which Nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,

Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form ;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance mention on this sacred ground),
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone ;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
Aloft in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved,
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glede,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious water-fowl from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.



THE SKATER.

IN the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and visible for many a mile
 The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
 I heeded not their summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us,—for me
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me,—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires :
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 O, let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

HIGH on her speculative tower
Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gayly passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue,
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapor stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine,—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curvéd shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps,—it lay,
Lugano! on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Apennine
Indúrated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees, that might from heaven have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain

Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown,—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
 Each narrowing above each ;—the wings,
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
 The starry zone of sovereign height,—
 All steeped in this portentous light !
 All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen, (if aught
 These perishable spheres have wrought
 May with that issue be compared,)
 Throngs of celestial visages,
 Darkening like water in the breeze,
 A holy sadness shared.

Lo ! while I speak, the laboring sun
 His glad deliverance has begun :
 The cypress waves her sombre plume
 More cheerily ; and town and tower,
 The vineyard and the olive-bower,
 Their lustre reassume !

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
 While in far-distant lands we roam,
 What countenance hath this Day put on for you ?
 While we looked round with favored eyes,
 Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
 And mountains from your view ?

Or was it given you to behold
 Like vision, pensive though not cold,

From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain,—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.





Walter Scott

SCOTT.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

EVEN so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
 By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing :
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,
 Upon the eastern bank you see.
 Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till,
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still,
 And, bending o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.
 That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
 Twisel! thy rocks' deep echo rang ;
 And many a chief of birth and rank,
 Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
 Had then from many an axe its doom,
 To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile ?
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?
 Why sits that champion of the dames

Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?
 —O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry—" Saint Andrew and our right !" ?
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne !—
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain ;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
 " Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !
 And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
 Foot, horse, and cannon :—hap what hap,
 My basnet to a prentice cap,
 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !—
 Yet more ! yet more !—how fair arrayed
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,
 And sweep so gallant by !
 With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armor flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,

To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our band arrayed ;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw :
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately :
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire or groom before him ride ;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,

Stoutly they braved the current's course,
 And, though far downward driven per force,
 The southern bank they gain;
 Behind them straggling, came to shore,
 As best they might, the train:
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore
 A caution not in vain;
 Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
 He halted by a Cross of Stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray;
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation passed
 From the loud cannon mouth;
 Not in the close successive rattle,
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between.—
 The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid,
 "Here by this Cross," he gently said,
 "You well may view the scene.
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
 O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—

Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
 With ten picked archers of my train;
 With England if the day go hard,
 To Berwick speed amain.—
 But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
 When here we meet again.”
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid’s despair,
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire; but spurred amain,
 And dashing through the battle-plain,
 His way to Surrey took.

——“The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
 Welcome to danger’s hour!
 Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
 Thus have I ranged my power:
 Myself will rule this central host,
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,
 My sons command the vaward post,
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
 Shall be in rearward of the fight,
 And succor those that need it most.
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
 Would gladly to the vanguard go;
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
 With thee their charge will blithely share;

There fight thine own retainers too,
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
 "Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
 Nor further greeting there he paid;
 But, parting like a thunderbolt,
 First in the vanguard made a halt,
 Where such a shout there rose
 Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill;
 On which (for far the day was spent)
 The western sunbeams now were bent.
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view:
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 "Unworthy office here to stay!
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
 But see! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close,—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air ;
Oh, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And pluméd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :
Wide ranged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky !
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

It wavered 'mid the foes.
 No longer Blount the view could bear:
 "By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
 I will not see it lost!
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
 I gallop to the host!
 And to the fray he rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sank among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid,
 As loth to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

The scattered van of England wheels;—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, “Is Wilton there?”
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die,—“Is Wilton there?”
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand:
 Dragged from among the horses’ feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
 Young Blount his armor did unlace,
 And gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—“By Saint George, he’s gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head!
 Good night to Marmion.”—
 “Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
 He opes his eyes,” said Eustace; “peace!”

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around ’gan Marmion wildly stare:—
 “Where’s Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
 Cry—‘Marmion to the rescue!’—Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne’er be heard again!—

Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield:



Edmund is down: my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—

Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”
 They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured—“Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst?”

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron’s casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain’s side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.

Who. built. this. cross. and. well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance bathes my head?”

Then, as remembrance rose,—

“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”—

“Alas!” she said, “the while,—

O, think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal ;

She——died at Holy Isle.”—

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.

“Then it was truth,”—he said—“I knew

That the dark presage must be true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay!
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear;
 For that she ever sung,
 " *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
 So the notes rung;—
 " Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O, think on faith and bliss!
 By many a deathbed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!"—
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blasts might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"

And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,

Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know ;
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field, as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield !
 Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—
 There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride,
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :
 The sad survivors all are gone.—
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,
 Defaced and mangled though it be ;
 Nor to yon Border castle high,
 Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
 Nor cherish hope in vain,
 That, journeying far on foreign strand,
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land
 May yet return again.

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
 And fell on Flodden plain :
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
 Beseemed the monarch slain.
But, O ! how changed since yon blythe night !—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
 Unto my tale again.



THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnished holly's all too bright ;
 The May-flower and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due ;
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give ;
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and harebell dipped in dew ;
 On favored Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green—
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;

And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree !

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough ;
But, oh Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

COLERIDGE.



HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently! around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, ye dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.



LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone

With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying man he lay ;

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng ;
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
 And like the murmur of a dream
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
 As conscious of my look she stept—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace,

And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

SOUTHEY.



SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the sweet music of the vernal grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest

Excite not such devotion in my breast,
As where the noontide beam,
Flashed from some broken stream,
Vibrates on the dazzled sight ;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain ;
Or when, reclining on the cliff's huge height,
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
I to the woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all Nature's charms mine eyes,
And hear all Nature's melodies.
The primrose bank will there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awakened sense ;
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Will with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Will speak the prayer of praise I feel.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet Religion there !
She needs not haunt the high-arched dome to pray,
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day ;
At liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslipped dale ;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her ; and when the Night
Pours in the North her silver streams of light,
She woos reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The Holly-Tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves,
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the Holly-Tree
 Can emblem see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly leaves a sober hue display,
 Less bright than they ;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly-Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng ;
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

 THE DESERT-THIRST.

STILL o'er the wilderness
 Settled the moveless mist.
 The timid antelope, that heard their steps,
 Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light ;
 The ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full.
 At night, again in hope,
 Young Thalaba lay down ;
 The morning came, and not one guiding ray
 Through the thick mist was visible,
 The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.

Oh for the vulture's scream,
 Who haunts for prey the abode of human kind!
 Oh for the plover's pleasant cry,
 To tell of water near!
 Oh for the camel-driver's song!
 For now the water-skin grows light,
 Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,
 Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst.
 Oft from the third night's broken sleep,
 As in his dreams he heard
 The sound of rushing winds,
 Started the anxious youth, and looked abroad
 In vain! for still the deadly calm endured.
 Another day passed on;
 The water-skin was drained!
 But then one hope arrived,
 For there was motion in the air!
 The sound of the wind arose anon,
 That scattered the thick mist,
 And lo! at length the lovely face of Heaven!

Alas! a wretched scene
 Was opened on their view.
 They looked around; no wells were near,
 No tent, no human aid!
 Flat on the camel lay the water-skin,
 And their dumb servant, difficultly now,
 Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
 Dragged on with patient pain.

But oh, the joy! the blessed sight;
 When in that burning waste the travellers



Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers besprent,
 Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields
 Of England, when amid the growing grass
 The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
 And the sweet cowslip scents the genial air,
 In the merry month of May!
 Oh, joy! the travellers
 Gaze on each other with hope-brightened eyes,
 For sure through that green meadow flows
 The living stream! And lo! their famished beast
 Sees the restoring sight!
 Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength
 He hurries on!—



L A M B.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed,
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was trained in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning?



THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women !
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
 Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
 Without reproach ? we trace our stream no higher ;
 And I, a childless man, may end the same,
 Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
 In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
 Received thee first amid the merry mocks
 And arch-allusions of his fellow swains.
 Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
 With glory gotten on the heads abhorred
 Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
 Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burned.
 Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
 No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.



CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 “Hearts of oak !” our captain cried ; when each gun,
 From its adamant lips,
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feebler cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,

As they strike the shattered sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—



Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
 "Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save :—
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;

And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.



Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“ Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !”
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.



HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!



For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?—
 To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:—
 What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!



Give that! and welcome War to brace
 Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
 The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
 The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,—
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not—
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august?
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belle the vaunt,
 That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
 Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given

Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
 And your high priesthood shall make the earth
 All hallowed ground.

HORACE SMITH.



HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye;
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate
With numerous emblems of instructive duty,
 Your forms create.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned:

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply:
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
 Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
“Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

“Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—
 In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak!—for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue,—come—let us hear its tune!
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, mummy!
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?—
 Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?—
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?—
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason,—and forbidden,
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade:

Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest;—if so, my struggles
 Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,—
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,—
 Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass,—
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch, at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develope, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green!—
 Or was it then so old that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent!—Incommunicative elf!
 Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows!
 But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
 bered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,—
 New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations,—
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,—
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold!
 A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled:—
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
 What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh!—Immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man,—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence!
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost forever?
 Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue,—that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!



Thos. Moore

MOORE.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morn-
 ing,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
 light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his
 frame,
 And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burn-
 ing,
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept—and was forgiven?



When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious odors poured;—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for GOD alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much" and be forgiven !

OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF
 OUR OWN.

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day ;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they loved in the first golden time ;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,

And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.



DRINK TO HER.

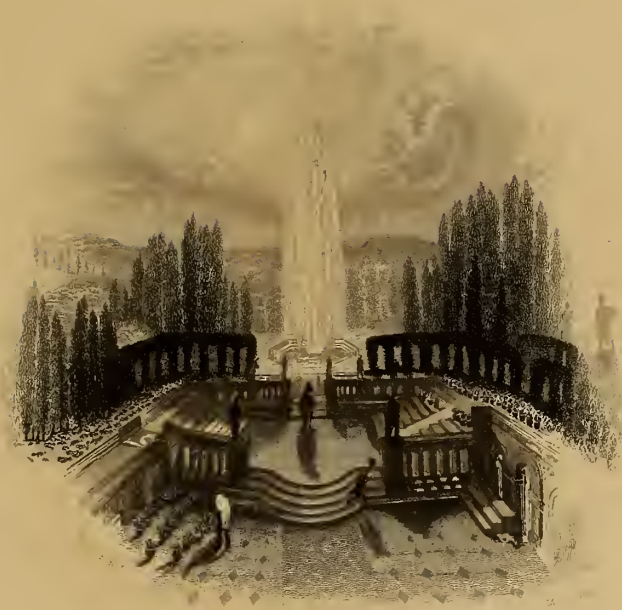
DRINK to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;

By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "*Which* might pass?"
 She answered, "He who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

MONTGOMERY.



RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew ;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
 Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
 Birds midst the alder-branches sang,
 Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed ;
 The weary there lay down to rest,
 And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful, to stand and watch
 The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
 And from the sky such colors catch,
 As if 'twere raining diadems ;
 Yet all was cold and curious art,
 That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
 Whose unimprisoned waters run,
 Wild as the changes of a dream,
 By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;
 Its lovely links had power to bind
 In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
 By happy portraiture revealed,
 Of one, adorned with every grace,
 —Her name and date from me concealed,
 But not her story ;—she had been
 The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
 And frolicked in the gayest ring,
 Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
 Like sparkling fireflies on the wing ;

But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
 'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
 Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain—scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet—watering flowers.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown :
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, " Harvest home."



HEBER.

THE HUNTING-PARTY.

AND forth he fared ; while from her turret high
That smiling form beheld his hunter crew ;
Pleased she beheld, whose unacquainted eye
Found in each varying scene a pleasure new.

Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,
Nor custom palled the gloss of royalty.

Like some gay child, a simple bliss she drew
From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every broidered garb that swept in order by.



And, sooth, it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume, and crest, and tassel wildly blending,
And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Marked the gay squadron through the copse descend-
ing ;

The greyhound, with his silken leash contending,
Wreathed the lithe neck ; and on the falconer's hand,
With restless perch and pinions broad depending,
Each hooded goshawk kept her eager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land.

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,
The mellow bugle poured its plaintive tone,
That echo joyed such numbers to repeat,
Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice-stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan ;
While listening far from forth some fallow brown,
The swinked ploughman left his work undone ;
And the glad schoolboy from the neighboring town
Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor recked his master's
frown.

Her warm cheek pillowed on her ivory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganora kept her stand,
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound ; and, on the brown hill's bent,
Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen.
Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,
As one who, spell-bound, on some haunted green
Beholds a faëry show, the twilight elms between.

SONG.

Why that neck of marble whiteness,
Why that hair of sunny brightness,
 Form of perfect mould ;
Why those fringed eyelids screening,
Lights of love and liquid meaning,
 While the heart is cold ?

Shame on her whose pride or malice
With a lover's anguish dallies !
Scorn our scattered reason rallies :
Thou shalt mourn thy tyrant sallies,
Ere that thou art old—young Alice,
 Ere that thou art old !

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I SEE them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play,
And nearer yet, and yet more near,
The martial chorus strikes the ear.

They're lost and gone,—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The dim march warbles up the hill.

Again, again,—the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come! they come!
And lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with their notes of victory.



Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The trampling hoof brooks no delay;
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum,
How late—but oh, how loved they come!

GRAHAME.



THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath

Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods :
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
 And, as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days, the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree ;
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy

Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace—but reverently,
 With covered face and upward, earnest eye.



Schmole-

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
 While wandering slowly up the river-side,
 He meditates on Him whose power he marks

In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, “with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;” harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls;
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band,
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets

The hallelujahs of the choir. Sublime
 A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
 As if the whole were one, suspended high
 In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
 Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
 Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
 Yet thinks he hears it still; his heart is cheered:
 He smiles on death; but ah! a wish will rise—
 "Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
 No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
 My heart would sing; and many a Sabbath-day
 My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
 In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
 There would I bless His name who led me forth
 From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets—
 Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
 Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
 That homage should be paid to the Most High:
 There is a temple, one not made with hands,—
 The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
 Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
 Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
 Where not a flow'ret bends its little stalk,
 Save when the bee alights upon the bloom—
 There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
 The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon;
 Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,
 Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
 Beyond the empyreal.



Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
 The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
 In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
 Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
 And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
 With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
 Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
 Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,

Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.
What though the skeptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name!—yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of fashion's choir,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but *that* morn
On which the angel said, "See where the Lord
Was laid," joyous arose—to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled

A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws ;
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array
That in the times of old had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,
Yet ranged itself to aid his son dethroned),
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad.
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed, and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when at the close of eve
She gathers in her mournful brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings, close nestling 'neath her breast
They cherished cower amid the purple blooms.



Henry Kirke White

KIRKE WHITE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to GOD the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

PREMONITION OF DEATH.

THUS far have I pursued my solemn theme,
 With self-rewarding toil ; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
 The lyre which I in early days have strung :
 And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
 On the dark cypress ; and the strings which rung
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no
 more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again ?
 Shall I no more reanimate the lay ?
Oh ! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
 One little space prolong my mournful day ;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree !
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

BYRON.



VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
 A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land

Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
 isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanished sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
 For us repopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence : that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :
 Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the Muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go,—
 They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams ;
 And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so :
 I could replace them if I would ; still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems
 Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;
 Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
 Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
 And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind

Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—
 Not without cause ; and should I leave behind
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

Perhaps I loved it well ; and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remembered in my line
 With my land's language : if too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honored by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head !
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 “Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
 I planted ; they have torn me, and I bleed :
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such
 a seed.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
 And, annual marriage now no more renewed,

The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood



Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
 Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt;
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
 Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre;
 Her very byword sprung from victory,
 The “Planter of the Lion,” which through fire
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;

But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
 Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
 Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not
 Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood ; she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
 Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part;
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

BUT ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside forever: it may be a sound,—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind—
 The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—anew,
 The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how
 few!

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
 Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
 Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still

Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order : gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brénta,—where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it
 glows,—



Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters, all its hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—reared in air,
 Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shows a distant prospect far away
 Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
 For they can lure no further ; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
 It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give
 No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive :

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

MRS. SOUTHEY.



THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! death does keep his state ;
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short, deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

O change!—O wondrous change!—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment *there*, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!

O change ;—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod ;
 The Sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !
 Christian, God speed thee !
 Let loose the rudder-bands—
 Good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come ;
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee ;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there !
 Hold the helm fast !
 So—let the vessel wear—
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman ?
 What of the night ?”
 “Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land yet—all's right !”

Be wakeful, be vigilant—
 Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold;—
There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbor's near—
 Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
 Heaven is thy home!



John Keble.

KEBLE.

MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream,
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake !

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before:

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
 The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven ?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 Th' angelic signal given—
 "Glory to God !" from yonder central fire
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir ;

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on forever :
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
 To join that festal throng ;



Listen and mark what gentle air
 First stirred the tide of song;
 'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home,
 To whom for power and health obedient worlds should
 come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:"—
 With fixed adoring look
 The choir of Angels caught the word,
 Nor yet their silence broke :

But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

 Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
 And in His manger laid,
 The Hope and Glory of all lands
 Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

 But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
 No other thought should be,
 Once duly welcomed and adored,
 How should I part with Thee!
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

 Thee, on the bosom laid
 Of a pure virgin mind,
 In quiet ever, and in shade,
 Shepherd and sage may find;
They, who have bowed untaught to Nature's sway,
And they, who follow Truth along her star-paved way.

 The pastoral spirits first
 Approach Thee, Babe divine,
 For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
 Meet for Thy lowly shrine;
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell,
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

 Still, as the day comes round
 For thee to be revealed,

By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
 Abiding in the field.
 All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,
 In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—
 What though your wandering sheep,
 Reckless of what they see and hear,
 Lie lost in wilful sleep?
 High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
 Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
 The Saviour left for you;
 Think on the Lord most holy, come
 To dwell with hearts untrue:
 So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,
 And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

 GOOD FRIDAY.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
 That ever dawned on sinful earth
 Should touch the heart with softer power
 For comfort, than an Angel's mirth?
 That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
 Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
 Shines glorious on yon open grave,

And to and fro the tidings run,
“Who died to heal, is risen to save?”



Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,

Till tempered by the Saviour's prayer,
 And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
 They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
 Soft as imprisoned martyr's deathbed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all
 That bitterest to the lip of pride,
 When hopes presumptuous fade and fall,
 Or Friendship scorns us, duly tried,
 Or Love, the flower that closes up for fear
 When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

Then like a long-forgotten strain
 Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn
 What sunshine hours had taught in vain
 Of JESUS suffering shame and scorn,
 As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,
 While we triumphant ride and have the world at will.

His pierced hands in vain would hide
 His face from rude reproachful gaze,
 His ears are open to abide
 The wildest storm the tongue can raise,
 He who with one rough word, some early day,
 Their idle world and them shall sweep for aye away.

But we by Fancy may assuage
 The festering sore by Fancy made,
 Down in some lonely hermitage
 Like wounded pilgrims safely laid,
 Where gentlest breezes whisper souls distressed,
 That Love yet lives, and Patience shall find rest.

O! shame beyond the bitterest thought
 That evil spirit ever framed,
 That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
 Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed—
 That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
 Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
 Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
 Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
 Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
 Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
 Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
 O let my heart no further roam,
 'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
 Long since—O call Thy wanderer home ;
 To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
 Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

EVENING.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
 The traveller on his way must press,

No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve.
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.



The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill-of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests, their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

SHELLEY.



THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains :
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
 view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We looked before and after,
 And pine for what is not :

Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.



Felicia Hemans

HEMANS.

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

YES! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western World!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
 Bid thy true sons their children lead:
 The language of that noble brow
 For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,
 The virtue born of home and hearth,
 There calmly throned, a holy light
 Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
 Sent through the blast and surges' roar,
 So girt with tranquil glory, stand
 For ages on thy shore!

Such, through all time, the greetings be,
 That with the Atlantic billow sweep!
 Telling the mighty and the free
 Of brothers o'er the deep!

 THE BETTER LAND.

“I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?”
 “Not there, not there, my child!”

“ Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”



“ Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold !—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
 Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"

“Not there, not there, my child!

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there:
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,—
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE RHINE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
 I see the bright flood shine!
 Sing on the march with every banner waving—
 Sing brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
 Be glory on thy track!
 We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
 We bear thee freedom back!

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
 Even as my mother's song;
 That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
 And heart and arm grew strong!

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
 Poured out by sons of thine,
 Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
 Like thee, victorious Rhine!

Home! home! Thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
 Thy path is by my home,
 Even now my children count the hours till meeting:
 O ransomed ones! I come.



Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never!
 Sound on by hearth and shrine!
 Sing through the hills that thou art free forever—
 Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

A PARTING SONG.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the last red light, the farewell of day,

From the rock and the river is passing away—

When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,

And the heart grows burdened with tender thought,

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time

Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—

When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,

From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread—

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye

At the sound of some olden melody—

When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—

Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!

Thus ever think of me!

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found—

So let it be!



John Keats-

KEATS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form ; dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core :

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.



Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

SONNET TO KOSCIUSKO.

GOOD Kosciusko! thy great name alone
 Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
 It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
 Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
 And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
 The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
 Are changed to harmonies, forever stealing
 Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.

It tells me too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore,
Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives for evermore.



MOTHERWELL.



THE SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months
Of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad,
Fling cark and care aside,

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide ;
Or, underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland ;
The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee :
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
They now are silver gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning,
And whispering, “ Be gay ! ”

There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners
To give it melody :
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread
All gleaming like red gold,
And hark ! with shrill pipe musical,
Their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones,
Who far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
And vent a nobler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound,
 From yonder wood it came ;
 The spirit of the dim, green glade
 Did breathe his own glad name ;—
 Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird,
 That apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous
 To the soft western wind ;
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! he sings again—
 His notes are void of art,
 But simplest strains do soonest sound
 The deep founts of the heart !

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon
 For thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers
 Beneath this summer tree !
 To suck once more in every breath
 Their little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams
 Of youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt,
 The reckless truant boy
 Wandered through green woods all day long,
 A mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, I have had cause ;
 But oh ! I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
 I yet delight to drink ;—
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
 The calm, unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams,
As in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—
A heart that hath waxed old.

HOOD.



FAIR INES.

Oh, saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:

She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright ;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near !—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;
It would have been a beauteous dream,—
If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng ;
 But some were sad and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before,—
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore !
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more !

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
 Who was her mother ?
 Had she a sister ?
 Had she a brother ?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all others ?

Alas ! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !
 Oh ! it was pitiful !
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly,
 Feelings had changed :
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence ;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver ;

But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it—think of it,
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently,—kindly,—
 Smooth, and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Thro' muddy impurity,

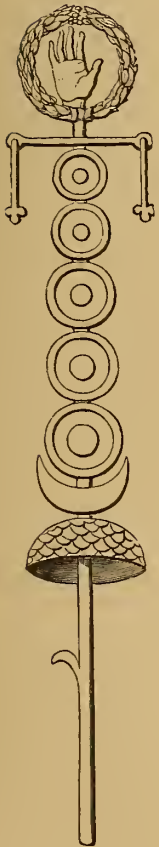
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

MACAULAY.

ROMÆ



PRIMORDIA.



THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
“The children to the Tiber,
The mother to the tomb.”

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging :
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing :

The yoke hangs o'er the manger :
 The scythe lies in the hay :
 Through all the Alban villages
 No work is done to-day.

And every Alban burgher
 Hath donned his whitest gown ;
 And every head in Alba
 Weareth a poplar crown ;
 And every Alban door-post
 With boughs and flowers is gay :
 For to-day the dead are living ;
 The lost are found to-day.



They were doomed by a bloody king :
 They were doomed by a lying priest :
 They were cast on the raging flood :
 They were tracked by the raging beast :
 Raging beast and raging flood
 Alike have spared the prey ;
 And to-day the dead are living :
 The lost are found to-day.



The troubled river knew them,
 And smoothed his yellow foam,
 And gently rocked the cradle
 That bore the fate of Rome.
 The ravening she-wolf knew them,
 And licked them o'er and o'er,
 And gave them of her own fierce milk,
 Rich with raw flesh and gore.
 Twenty winters, twenty springs,
 Since then have rolled away ;
 And to-day the dead are living :
 The lost are found to-day.

Blithe it was to see the twins,
 Right goodly youths and tall,
 Marching from Alba Longa
 To their old grandsire's hall.
 Along their path fresh garlands
 Are hung from tree to tree :
 Beside them stride the pipers,
 Piping a note of glee.



On the right goes Romulus,
 With arms to the elbows red,
 And in his hand a broadsword,
 And on the blade a head—
 A head in an iron helmet,
 With horse-hair hanging down,
 A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
 Fixed in a ghastly frown—
 The head of King Amulius,
 Of the great Sylvian line,
 Who reigned in Alba Longa,
 On the throne of Aventine.

On the left side goes Remus,
 With wrists and fingers red,



And in his hand a boar-spear,
 And on the point a head—
 A wrinkled head and aged,
 With silver beard and hair,
 And holy fillets round it,
 Such as the pontiffs wear—
 The head of ancient Camers,
 Who spake the words of doom:
 “The children to the Tiber,
 The mother to the tomb.”

Two and two behind the twins
 Their trusty comrades go,
 Four-and-forty valiant men,
 With club, and axe, and bow.
 On each side every hamlet
 Pours forth its joyous crowd,
 Shouting lads and baying dogs,
 And children laughing loud,
 And old men weeping fondly
 As Rhea's boys go by,
 And maids who shriek to see the heads,
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

So they marched along the lake;
 They marched by fold and stall,
 By cornfield and by vineyard,
 Unto the old man's hall.

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
 Capys, the sightless seer;
 From head to foot he trembled,
 As Romulus drew near.



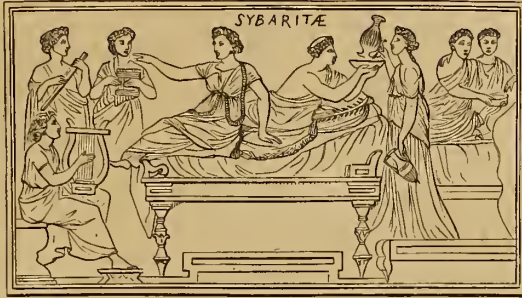
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
 And his blind eyes flashed fire :
 “ Hail ! foster-child of the wondrous nurse !
 Hail ! son of the wondrous sire !



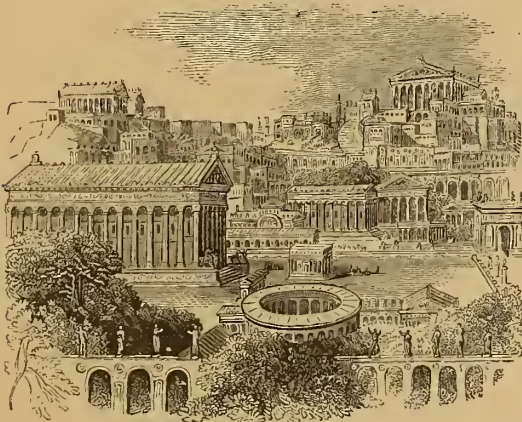
“ But thou—what dost thou here
 In the old man’s peaceful hall ?
 What doth the eagle in the coop,
 The bison in the stall ?
 Our corn fills many a garner ;
 Our vines clasp many a tree ;
 Our flocks are white on many a hill ;
 But these are not for thee.

“ For thee no treasure ripens
 In the Tartessian mine :
 For thee no ship brings precious bales
 Across the Libyan brine :

Thou shalt not drink from amber ;
 Thou shalt not rest on down ;
 Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.



“ Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,
 To them who of man’s seed are born,
 Whom woman’s milk hath fed.
 Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure, nor for rest ;
 Thou, that art sprung from the War-god’s loins,
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf’s breast.



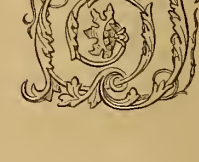


“ From sunrise unto sunset
 All earth shall hear thy fame :
 A glorious city thou shalt build,
 And name it by thy name :
 And there, unquenched through ages,
 Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
 Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
 The spirit of thy sire.

“ The ox toils through the furrow,
 Obedient to the goad ;
 The patient ass, up flinty paths,
 Plods with his weary load :
 With whine and bound the spaniel
 His master’s whistle hears ;
 And the sheep yields her patiently
 To the loud clashing shears.

“ But thy nurse will hear no master,
 Thy nurse will bear no load ;
 And woe to them that shear her,
 And woe to them that goad !
 When all the pack, loud baying,
 Her bloody lair surrounds,
 She dies in silence, biting hard
 Amidst the dying hounds.

“ Pomona loves the orchard,
 And Liber loves the vine ;
 And Pales loves the straw-built shed
 Warm with the breath of kine ;



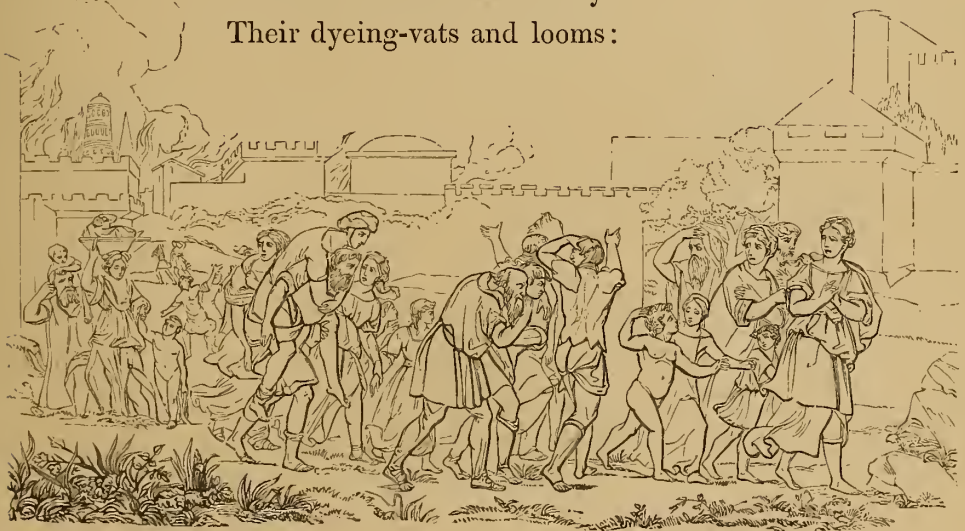


And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight,
Beneath the chestnut shade.



“ But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield :
He loves to drink the steam that reeks
From the fresh battle-field :
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

“ And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,
And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes ;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms :





Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar:
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore.

SPOLIA
OPIMA



“Thine, Roman, is the pilum:
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion’s ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laurelled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove’s eternal fane.



“Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall veil his lofty brow:
Soft Capua’s curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow:
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite’s heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.



“The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night:
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.



“The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,





The beast on whom the castle
 With all its guards doth stand,
 The beast who hath between his eyes
 The serpent for a hand.
 First march the bold Epirotes,
 Wedged close with shield and spear;
 And the ranks of false Tarentum
 Are glittering in the rear.



“The ranks of false Tarentum
 Like hunted sheep shall fly:
 In vain the bold Epirotes
 Shall round their standards die:
 And Apennine’s gray vultures
 Shall have a noble feast
 On the fat and the eyes
 Of the huge earth-shaking beast.



“Hurrah! for the good weapons
 That keep the War-god’s land.





Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
 In a stout Roman hand.
 Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
 That through the thick array
 Of levelled spears and serried shields
 Hews deep its gory way.

“Hurrah! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile.
 Hurrah! for the wan captives
 That pass in endless file.
 Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
 Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
 Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
 Is not the gown washed white?”

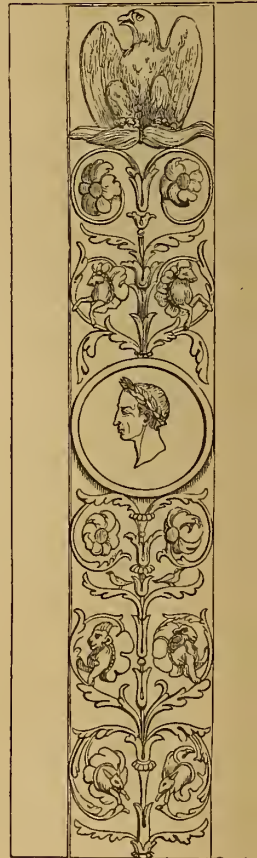
“Hurrah! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile.
 Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
 And the fine web of Nile,
 The helmets gay with plumage
 Torn from the pheasant's wings,
 The belts set thick with starry gems
 That shone on Indian kings,
 The urns of massy silver,
 The goblets rough with gold,
 The many-colored tablets bright
 With loves and wars of old,
 The stone that breathes and struggles,
 The brass that seems to speak;—
 Such cunning they who dwell on high
 Have given unto the Greek.



VENI.

VIDI.

VICI.





“ Hurrah ! for Manius Curius,
 The bravest son of Rome,
 Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
 Thrice drawn in triumph home.
 Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
 The third embroidered gown :
 Make ready the third lofty car
 And twine the third green crown ;
 And yoke the steeds of Rosea
 With necks like a bended bow ;
 And deck the bull, Mevania’s bull,
 The bull as white as snow.



“ Blest and thrice blest the Roman
 Who sees Rome’s brightest day,
 Who sees that long victorious pomp
 Wind down the Sacred Way,





And through the bellowing Forum,
 And round the Suppliant's Grove,
 Up to the everlasting gates
 Of Capitolian Jove.

“Then where, o'er two bright havens,
 The towers of Corinth frown ;
 Where the gigantic King of Day
 On his own Rhodes looks down ;
 Where soft Orontes murmurs
 Beneath the laurel shades ;
 Where Nile reflects the endless length
 Of dark-red colonnades ;



Where in the still deep water,
 Sheltered from waves and blasts,
 Bristles the dusky forest
 Of Byrsa's thousand masts ;
 Where fur-clad hunters wander
 Amidst the northern ice ;
 Where through the sand of morning-land
 The camel bears the spice ;
 Where Atlas flings his shadow
 Far o'er the western foam,
 Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of Rome."



MRS. BROWNING.

LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds; the welladay,
 The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller;—
 But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
 Than these words—"I loved once."

 And who saith, "I loved once?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
 Love through eternity,
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-name,—casting
 A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
 Saith never, "I loved once."

 Nor ever the "Loved once,"
Dost Thou say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend
 The cross and curse may rend;
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!

It is man's saying—man's. Too weak to move
 One sphered star above,
 Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
 With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
 Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
 Mourners, without that snow?
 Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
 And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
 Whose prayers have met your own,
 Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
 Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
 Say calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?
 When hearts of better right
 Stand in between me and your happy light?
 And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
 Ye find my colors fade,
 And all that is not love in me, decayed?
 Such words—Ye loved me once!

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
 Say cold of me, when further put away
 In earth's sepulchral clay?
 When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
 Not so! not then—*least* then! When Life is shriven,
 And Death's full joy is given,—
 Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
 Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once !
 God is too near above, the grave, below,
 And all our moments go
 Too quickly past our souls, for saying so.
 The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
 Affections light of range—
 There comes no change to justify that change,
 Whatever comes—loved once !

And yet that word of once
 Is humanly acceptive ! Kings have said
 Shaking a discrowned head,
 “ We ruled once,”—dotards, “ We once taught and led”—
 Cripples once danced i’ the vines—and bards approved,
 Were once by scornings, moved :
 But love strikes one hour—love. Those *never* loved,
 Who dream that they loved once.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned
 May feel the heart's decaying,—
 It is a place where happy saints
 May weep amid their praying :
 Yet let the grief and humbleness,
 As low as silence, languish !
 Earth surely now may give her calm
 To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
 Was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians! at your cross of hope
 A hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men! this man, in brotherhood,
 Your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
 And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
 Through dimming tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell,
 And darkness on the glory,
 And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
 And wandering lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face
 Because so broken-hearted;

He shall be strong to sanctify
 The poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down
 In meeker adoration:
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise,
 By wise or good forsaken;
 Named softly, as the household name
 Of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom,
 I learn to think upon him,
 With meekness, that is gratefulness
 To God whose heaven hath won him—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud,
 To His own love to blind him ;
But gently led the blind along
 Where breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain,
 Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
 Harmonious influences !
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
 Kept his within its number ;
And silent shadows from the trees
 Refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods
 To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
 With sylvan tendernesses :
The very world, by God's constraint,
 From falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became
 Beside him true and loving.

But while, in blindness he remained
 Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without,
 The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
 Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy,
 Whom only God created !

Like a sick child that knoweth not
 His mother while she blesses
 And drops upon his burning brow,
 The coolness of her kisses ;
 That turns his fevered eyes around—
 “ My mother ! where’s my mother ? ”—
 As if such tender words and looks
 Could come from any other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart,
 He sees her bending o’er him ;
 Her face all pale from watchful love,
 The unwearied love she bore him !—
 Thus, woke the poet from the dream,
 His life’s long fever gave him,
 Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes,
 Which closed in death, to save him !

Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth
 Could image that awaking,
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
 Of seraphs round him breaking,
 Or felt the new immortal throb
 Of soul from body parted ;
 But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
 “ *My Saviour ! not deserted !* ”

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when
 The cross in darkness rested,
 Upon the Victim’s hidden face,
 No love was manifested ?

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
 The atoning drops averted,
 What tears have washed them from the soul,
 That *one* should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate
 From His own essence rather :
 And Adam's sins *have* swept between
 The righteous Son and Father ;
 Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry,
 His universe hath shaken—
 It went up single, echoless,
 " My God, I am forsaken ! "

It went up from the Holy's lips
 Amid his lost creation,
 That, of the lost, no son should use
 Those words of desolation ;
 The earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
 Should mar not hope's fruition,
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
 His rapture, in a vision !

THE LADY'S "YES."

" YES ! " I answered you last night ;
 " No ! " this morning, Sir, I say :
 Colors, seen by candlelight,
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes*, or fit for *No*.

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you* :

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high ;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
Shall be *Yes* for evermore.

THE SLEEP.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 “ He giveth His beloved, sleep ?”

What would we give to our beloved ?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?—
 “ He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved ?
 A little faith, all undisproved,
 A little dust, to overweep,
 And bitter memories, to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.
 “ He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

“ Sleep soft, beloved !” we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber, when
 “ He giveth *His* beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !

O delved gold, the wailers heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And "giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap.
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say—and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the juggler's leap,—
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on *His* love repose,
 Who "giveth His beloved, sleep!"

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
 He giveth His beloved, sleep."

SERAPH AND POET.

THE seraph sings before the manifest
God-one, and in the burning of the Seven,
And with the full life of consummate Heaven
Heaving beneath him like a mother's breast
Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest!
The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven;
Before the naughty world soon self-forgiven
For wronging him; and in the darkness prest
From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,
Sing, seraph with the glory! Heaven is high—
Sing, poet with the sorrow! Earth is low.
The universe's inward voices cry
“Amen!” to either song of joy and woe—
Sing, seraph,—poet,—sing on equally.

TENNYSON.



THE BROOK.

“ HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East
And he for Italy—too late—too late :
One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,

And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived ! In our school-books we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
 They flourished then or then ; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touched
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect ; yet the brook he loved,
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,' he says,
 ' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 ' Whence come you ?' and the brook, why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

“ Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip’s farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

“ But Philip chattered more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

“O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

“Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
 And pushed at Philip’s garden-gate. The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck: and he clamored from a casement, ‘Run,
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
 ‘Run, Katie!’ Katie never ran: she moved
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little fluttered, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

“What was it? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one

Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
 And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

“She told me. She and James had quarrelled. Why?
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
 James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
 Which angered her. Who angered James? I said.
 But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot
 Some figure like a wizard’s pentagram
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaimed, in flushing silence, till I asked
 If James were coming. ‘Coming every day,’
 She answered, ‘ever longing to explain,
 But evermore her father came across
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
 And James departed vext with him and her.’
 How could I help her? ‘Would I—was it wrong?’
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
 ‘O would I take her father for one hour,
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!’
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

“O Katie, what I suffered for your sake!
 For in I went, and called old Philip out
 To show the farm: full willingly he rose;
 He led me thro’ the short sweet-smelling lanes

Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines ;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs ;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens ;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts :
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were :
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :
' That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wished,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he asked,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
He gave them line ; and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offered something more,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;
He gave them line : and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,

And there he mellowed all his heart with ale,
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

“Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
 And ran thro’ all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking still; and so
 We turned our foreheads from the falling sun,
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they followed us from Philip’s door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie’s eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses:
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace : and he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
 I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;
 And he looked up. There stood a maiden near,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
 Then, wondering asked her, " Are you from the farm ?"—
 " Yes," answered she.—" Pray stay a little : pardon me :
 What do they call you ?"—" Katie."—" That were
 strange.

What surname?"—"Willows."—"No!"—"That is my name."—

"Indeed!" and here he looked so self-perplext,
That Katie laughed, and laughing blushed, till he
Laughed also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; "Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!"

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade !”
 Was there a man dismayed ?
 Not tho’ the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered :
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered ;
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro’ the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.



Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,

All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

BRYANT.



A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in the sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold

Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steepes the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men

Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forget not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

 THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for her gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,



All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

 THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
 And glorious ages gone
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
 And last, Man's Life on earth,
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
 Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
 Yielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
 And struggles hard to wring
 Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
 All passage save to those who hence depart;
 Nor to the streaming eye
 Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
 Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
 Earth's wonder and her pride
 Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
 Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
 Love, that 'midst grief began,
 And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
 With thee are silent fame,
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,

Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

HALLECK.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror:
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 “ Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
 God—and your native land ! ”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won :
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels,

For the first time, her firstborn's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine :
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men :
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land ;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,

And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.



Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long-loved, and for a season gone;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;

For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babes' first lispings tells :
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed ;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,—

The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,—

Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

WILLIS.



THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl

Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
 Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
 Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
 Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
 And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
 The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
 And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
 She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
 The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
 Into his face until her sight grew dim
 With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
 Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
 And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery
 Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
 And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
 Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
 Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,
 In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
 Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave
 To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth,
 He held the lightest curl that on her neck
 Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
 Ached with its deathly stillness.

. It was night—
 And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
 Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
 Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.

The breaking waves played low upon the beach
 Their constant music, but the air beside
 Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
 Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
 Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
 With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
 He stood and taught the people. At his feet
 Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
 And staff—for they had waited by the sea
 Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
 For his wont teachings as he came to land.
 His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
 And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
 As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
 The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
 And in his looks the same mild majesty—
 And in his mien the sadness mixed with power—
 Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
 As on his words entrancedly they hung,
 The crowd divided, and among them stood
 JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe
 Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
 And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
 And silently the people shrunk away,
 And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
 Alone. A moment longer on the face
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
 And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
 Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem

Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
 Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
 “*Master! my daughter!*”—

. The same silvery light,
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
 Slept on the Ruler’s lofty capitals,
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
 Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
 He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,
 “*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*”
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
 Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
 The Saviour’s voice sank thrillingly and low,
 “*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*”

They passed in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
 Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
 Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
 The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
 And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
 The quickening division of his breath
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came

A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face ;
 And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
 The silken curtains silently apart,
 And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,
 And over it her white transparent hands,
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life ;
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
 Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
 In curls of glossy blackness, and about
 Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
 Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
 'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
 “*Maiden! Arise!*”—and suddenly a flush
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
 And through her cheek the rallied color ran ;
 And the still outline of her graceful form
 Stirred in the linen vesture ; and she clasped
 The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
 Full on his beaming countenance—**AROSE!**



DEDICATION HYMN.

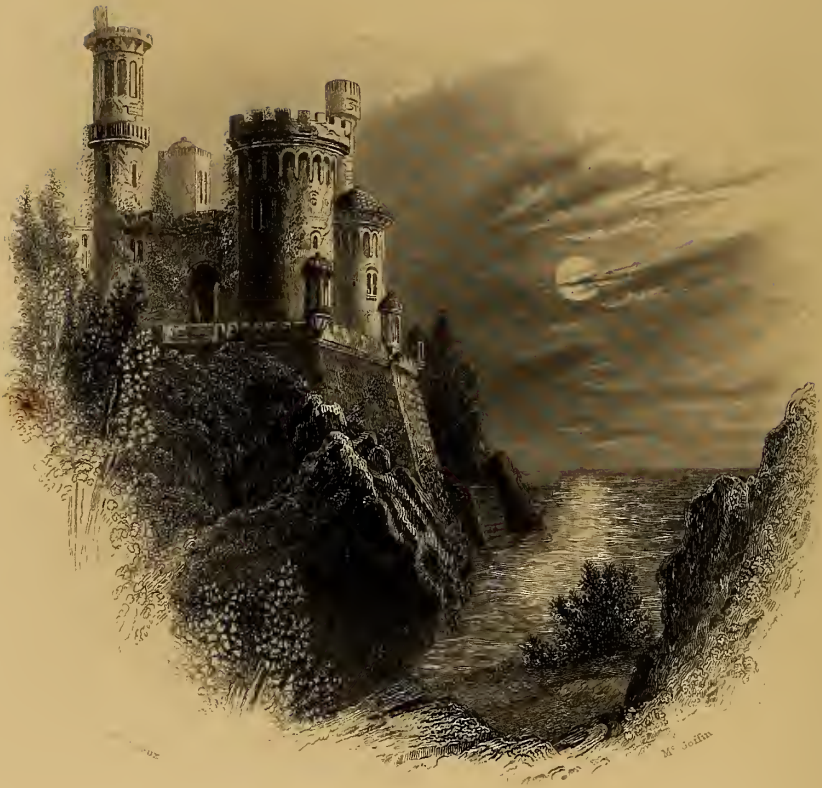
THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God—
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood—
The sea—the sky—and “ all was good ;”
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The “ morning stars together sang.”

Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee ;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands—
A humbler temple, “ made with hands.”

LONGFELLOW.



THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

“HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below ;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rose solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime ?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme ?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride ?
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?
And the golden crown of pride ?

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there ?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair ?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride ;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side !”



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

“ BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !”

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played around his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, " Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea !"

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down

Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
 And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
 Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed ;
 Built for freight, and yet for speed,
 A beautiful and gallant craft ;
 Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
 Pressing down upon sail and mast,
 Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;
 Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
 With graceful curve and slow degrees,
 That she might be docile to the helm,
 And that the currents of parted seas,
 Closing behind, with mighty force,
 Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
 With the model of the vessel,
 That should laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
 Lay the timber piled around ;
 Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
 And scattered here and there, with these,
 The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;
 Brought from regions far away,
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
 And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !
 Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
 To note how many wheels of toil

One thought, one word, can set in motion !
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
The silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

“ Thus,” said he, “ will we build this ship !
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care ;
Of all that is unsound beware !
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name !
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee !”

The Master’s word
Enraptured the young man heard ;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father’s door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow’s reach ;
But he,
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love’s command !

It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side ;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,

Sublime in its enormous bulk !
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men :—

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !”

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole ;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast ;
And at the bows an image stood
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind,
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,

But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell,—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,

Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—

“Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
 Will be those of joy, and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand;
 And at the word,
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.
 And see! she stirs!
 She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the Ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the Ocean seemed to say,—
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
 She lies within those arms, that press
 Her form with many a soft caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care!
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
 Are not the sounds of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HOLMES.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

 A RHYMED LESSON.

THOUGH books on MANNERS are not out of print,
 An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.
 Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
 To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
 While you are emptying your colloquial pack.
 The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.
 Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale
 Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;
 Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
 And the rude office that insures his life.

Look in his face, to meet thy neighbor's soul,
 Not on his garments, to detect a hole ;
 "How to observe," is what thy pages show,
 Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau !
 O, what a precious book the one would be
 That taught observers what they're *not* to see !

I tell in verse,—'twere better done in prose,—
 One curious trick that everybody knows ;
 Once form this habit, and it's very strange
 How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
 Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
 Who meet, like others, every little while,
 Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
 And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"
 Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
 But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
 Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
 Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand ;
 Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
 Their meeting so was such a piece of luck ;
 Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased
 To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed ;
 So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,
 Both bored to death, and both afraid to go !

Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
 Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire ;
 When your old castor on your crown you clap,
 Go off ; you've mounted your percussion cap !

Some words on LANGUAGE may be well applied,
 And take them kindly, though they touch your pride ;
 Words lead to things ; a scale is more precise,—
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips ;
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
 How all his passions play about his mouth !
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole,
 The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
 Tie the small muscles when he strives to talk ;
 Not all the pumice of the polished town
 Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down ;
 Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
 By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face ;—
 Nature's rude impress, long before he knew
 The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
 To gain some freedom of the lips and tongue ;
 But school and college often try in vain
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain ;
 One stubborn word will prove this axiom true ;—
 No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well employed
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
 The careless lips that speak of sōap for sōap ;
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode
 The clownish voice that utters rōad for rōad ;
 Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,
 And steers his bōat, believing it a bōat,
 She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
 Who said at Cambridge, mōst instead of mōst,
 But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
 To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōot.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak at all ;
 Carve every word before you let it fall ;
 Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
 Try over hard to roll the British R ;
 Do put your accents in the proper spot ;
 Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say “ How ? ” for “ What ? ”
 And, when you stick on conversation's burs,
 Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to less,
 And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS ;
 The outward forms the inner man reveal,—
 We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,—
 The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys “ vest,”
 The things named “ pants ” in certain documents,
 A word not made for gentlemen, but “ gents ; ”
 One single precept might the whole condense :
 Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;
 But add a little care, a decent pride,
 And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet demands,
 If polished daily by the owner's hands ;
 If the dark menial's visit save from this,
 Have twice the number, for he'll sometimes miss,
 One pair for critics of the nicer sex,
 Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,
 Long, narrow, light ; the Gallic boot of love,
 A kind of cross between a boot and glove.
 But, not to tread on everlasting thorns,
 And sow in suffering what is reaped in corns,

Compact, but easy, strong, substantial, square,
 Let native art compile the medium pair,
 The third remains, and let your tasteful skill
 Here show some relics of affection still ;
 Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,
 No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,
 Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,
 Though yellow torrents gurgle through the street ;
 But the *patched* calfskin arm against the flood
 In neat, light shoes, impervious to the mud.

Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor yet too light,
 And least of all the pair that once was white ;
 Let the dead party where you told your loves
 Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves ;
 Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
 But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat ; the secret of your looks
 Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks ;
 Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
 But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
 Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes ?
 Like bright Apollo, you must take to *Rhoades*,
 Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt ;
 Boots, gloves may fail ; the hat is always felt !

Be shy of breast-pins ; plain, well-ironed white,
 With small pearl buttons,—two of them in sight,—
 Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,
 Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass ;

But spurn those paltry cis-Atlantic lies,
 That round his breast the shabby rustic ties ;
 Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things
 The indignant laundress blushes when she brings !

Our free-born race, averse to every check,
 Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its *neck* ;
 From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,
 The whole wide nation turns its collars down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest part ;
 It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart ;
 With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,
 How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head !
 Thine, fair Erectheus of Minerva's wall ;—
 Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's hall,
 Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun
 That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won,—
 Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil
 Strained in the winding anaconda's coil !

I spare the contrast ; it were only kind
 To be a little, nay, intensely blind ;
 Choose for yourself : I know it cuts your ear ;
 I know the points will sometimes interfere ;
 I know that often, like the filial John,
 Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,
 You show your features to the astonished town
 With one side standing and the other down ;—
 But, O my friend ! my favorite fellow-man !
 If Nature made you on her modern plan,
 Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
 The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—

With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neckcloth,—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows;
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

P O E.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

 Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls ;

And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls,

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

IN the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Snow-white palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time, long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law;
Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well-befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate ;
(Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

MORRIS.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties :
Oh spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

“LAND-HO!”

Up, up, with the signal! The land is in sight!
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
 The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've passed,
 And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
 In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
 To soothe us in absence of those left behind,
 Land!—land-ho! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is waving! Till morn we'll remain,
 Then part in the hope to meet one day again
 Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,
 The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
 Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,
 As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
 Ho!—land-ho! We near it—we bound at the sight!
 Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answered! The foam-sparkles rise
 Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
 One health, as chime gaily the nautical bells,
 To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!
 THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven, all's right!
 So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

BOKER.



A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive ;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men :
Half England is wrong, if he is right ;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman ?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said ;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too :—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long, polar day,
The vessels westward sped ;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,

But it murmured and threatened on every side ;
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho ! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea ?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled !
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year ;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale ;
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea :
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin ?
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year :
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
 And closed beneath the lee,
 Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
 'Twas ice around, behind, before—
 My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
 What of the Esquimaux?
 A sled were better than a ship,
 To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
 The northern light came out,
 And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
 And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
 And on the decks was laid;
 Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
 Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
 The hissing wind is bleak,
 The hard, green ice is strong as death:—
 I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
 The singing breeze is cold,
 The ice is not so strong as hope—
 The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
 High o'er the main flag-staff?

Above the ridges, the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year :
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around :
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark ! heard ye not the noise of guns ?
And there, and there, again ?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal :
God give them grace for their charity !
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze ?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors !
You shall see the fields again,

And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child!
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek,
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea;
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is founded, the secret won—
We passed the Northern Sea!

S I M M S.

THE BROOKLET.

A LITTLE farther on, there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roofed it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as, upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends
In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.

Beside its banks, through the whole livelong day,
Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
Nor cared to know him better, I have lain ;
With thought unchid by harsher din than came
From the thick thrush, that, gliding through the copse,
Hurried above me ; or the timid fawn
That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink,
And sauntered through its shade, cropping the grass,
Even where I lay,—having a quiet mood,
And not disturbing, while surveying mine.

Thou smilest—and on thy lip a straying thought
Says I have trifled—calls my hours misspent,
And looks a solemn warning ! A true thought,—
And so my errant mood were well rebuked !—

Yet there was pleasant sadness that became
Meetly the gentlé heart and pliant sense,
In that same idlesse—gazing on that brook
So pebbly and so clear,—prattling away,
Like a young child, all thoughtless, till it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Nor in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery,
Shall the bright watcher have
A place—and, as of old, high station keep.

Gone, gone !
O, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain !
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark—

Howe'er the north
 Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower—
 He sees no more that perished light again!
 And gloomier grows the hour
 Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
 Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
 Tending his flocks,—
 And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze,
 Gladdening his gaze;
 And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
 Guiding him safely home through perilous ways!
 How stands he in amaze,
 Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills
 The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
 Its leaden dews—how chafes he at the night,
 Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
 So natural to his sight!

And lone,
 Where its first splendors shone,
 Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
 How should they know that death
 Such perfect beauty mars;
 And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
 Fallen from on high,
 Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die—
 All their concerted springs of harmony,
 Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain—a mellow strain—
 Of wailing sweetness, filled the earth and sky;

The stars lamenting in unborrowed pain
That one of the selectest ones must die ;
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest !
Alas ! 'tis evermore the destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost ;
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost :
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest ?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed ?

BILLOWS.

GENTLY, with sweet commotion,
Sweeping the shore,
Billows that break from ocean,
Rush to our feet ;
Slaves, that, with fond devotion,
Prone to adore,
Seek not to stint with measure,
Service that's meet ;—
Bearing their liquid treasure,
Flinging it round,
Shouting, the while, the pleasure
True service knows,
Then, as if blessed with leisure,
Flung on the yellow ground
Taking repose !

P R E N T I C E.

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
 Yet twilight lingers still ;
And beautiful as dream of Heaven
 It slumbers on the hill ;
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees
 In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
 Around their holy shrine ;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So calm and still, their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
 Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
 They seem to fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,

And, from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating by,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there!
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise, and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild;
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled!
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels, from the heart,
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs
From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth, like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee ;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses falling bright and free,
That brow, where “ Beauty writes her name,”
I think of thee—I think of thee.

CONRAD.

THE STRICKEN.

HEAVY! heavy! Oh, my heart
Seems a cavern deep and drear,
From whose dark recesses start,
Flutteringly, like birds of night,
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
Screaming in their flight;
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
Spreading a horror dim—a woe that cannot weep!

Weary! weary! What is life
But a spectre-crowded tomb?
Startled with unearthly strife—
Spirits fierce in conflict met,
In the lightning and the gloom,
The agony and sweat;
Passions wild and powers insane,
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean
pain!

Gloomy—gloomy is the day;
Tortured, tempest-tost the night;
Fevers that no founts allay—
Wild and wildering unrest—

Blessings festering into blight—
 A gored and gasping breast!
 From their lairs what terrors start,
 At that deep earthquake voice—the earthquake of the
 heart?

Hopeless! hopeless! Every path
 Is with ruins thick bestrown;
 Hurling bolts have fallen to scathe
 All the greenness of my heart,
 And I now am Misery's own—
 We never more shall part!
 My spirit's deepest, darkest wave
 Writhes with the wrestling storm. Sleep! sleep! the
 grave! the grave!

 THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

THERE is a joy in worth,
 A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm;
 Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
 Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth;
 Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
 It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne:
 There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
 No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
 It sits a lesser God:—life, life is all its own!

The stoic was not wrong ;
 There is no evil to the virtuous brave ;
 Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
 Worshipped or scorned, alone or 'mid the throng,
 He is himself—a man ! not life's nor fortune's slave.

Power and wealth and fame
 Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide :
 Give me but these, a spirit tempest-tried,
 A brow unshrinking and a soul of flame,
 The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride !

SONNET.

THY kingdom come ! Speed, angel wings, that time !
 Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
 Of lewdness, frowning power or pallid fear,
 The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime !
 All will be Thine—all blest ! Thy kingdom come !
 Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
 As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
 The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
 Unknown—for not a foe ; the thong unknown—
 For not a slave ; the cells o'er which Despair
 Flaps his black wing and fans the sigh-swollen air,
 Deserted ! Night will pass, and hear no groan ;
 Glad Day look down, nor see nor guilt nor guile ;
 And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile !

COXE.

THE HEART'S SONG.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
JESUS waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.



Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot,
 JESUS waited long to know thee,
 But he knows thee not!

WAYSIDE HOMES.

As I rode on my errand along,
 I came where a prim little spire
 Chimed out to the landscape a song,
 And glowed in the sunset like fire.

Its cross beamed a beckoning ray,
And the home of my Mother I knew ;
So I pressed to its portal to pray,
And my book from my bosom I drew.

How sweet was the service within,
And the plain rustic chaunt how sincere !
How welcome the pardon of sin,
And the kind parting blessing how dear !

And the parson—I knew not his name,
And the brethren—each face was unknown ;
But the Church and the prayers were the same,
And my heart claimed them all for its own.

For I knew—in my own little nook,
That eve, the same Psalter was said,
And Lessons, the same from the Book,
By my far-away darlings were read.

So I prayed, and went on in my way,
Blessing God for the Church He hath given :
My steed on his journey was gay ;
So was I—on my journey to Heaven.

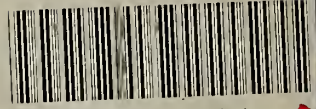
L' ENVOI.

“ PLUS ULTRA ! ” on the restless, Western main,
Striving to reach the unattained we steer,
Like HIM whose holy faith, o’ermastering fear,
Went forth to find a world for doubting SPAIN.
Lo ! where rich heralds come, a beckoning train,—
Bright floating boughs, with berries red and rare,—
Strange birds, with whispering song and plumage fair,—
The moving light which fires his wildered brain !
HE found his tropic goal, in morning light !
But where is ours ? Behold its glorious beams,—
OUR COUNTRY’S FUTURE ! In Time’s mirror bright
Rises the new creation of our dreams ;
While the long, reverent train of Poets come
To invoke thy loftiest song, fair land of Freedom’s home.

H. C.



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